

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1887.

No. 815, New Series.

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LITERATURE.

Memorials of Coleorton: being Letters from Coleridge, Wordsworth and his Sister, Southey, and Sir Walter Scott to Sir George and Lady Beaumont, 1803—1834. Edited by William Knight. In 2 vols. (Edinburgh: David Douglas.)

THERE is not a great deal in the *Memorials* that is new, though many of the letters are now printed for the first time. It does not appear that what we already know about Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey is sensibly affected by the present publication. The biographies of the poets will not require to be rewritten in order to include new facts from these sources. Nevertheless the volumes are pleasant reading and have a real interest, if not a distinct value.

The most material part of them concerns Coleridge. Though Coleridge's own letters are not of the first importance, and though the little that he says of himself reveals no side of his character with which we were not already familiar, he is, nevertheless, the leading figure in the book. His health, his domestic troubles, his aims, his literary difficulties, his wanderings and his home-comings are the vein of chief interest. And there is much in these letters that revives speculation on dubious points, but little or nothing that sets old discussions at rest. For example, these letters cover the whole period usually assigned to Coleridge's opium-eating, but give no facts whatever concerning it. Strangely enough, the letters of Wordsworth, which are full of solicitude as to Coleridge's many failures in health, contain, so far as I can see, nothing on the opium troubles. Dorothy Wordsworth's letters hint at Coleridge's occasional excesses in the use of spirits, but say nothing of the drug. Not even in Southey's letters is anything definite on that head to be found. But then Southey, who knew that in 1803 Coleridge was quacking himself with opium cures for the gout, appears to have known nothing with certainty of the habit which Coleridge had contracted until Cottle mentioned the matter in 1814. There is nothing so strange about these memorials as that, with so much about Coleridge's "health or un-health," there is little or nothing about the one pernicious habit which is usually thought to have been the generating cause of nearly all Coleridge's troubles of body and mind. That Wordsworth, his sister, Southey, Sir George Beaumont, and Lady Beaumont, should exchange many letters from 1803 to 1827, and discuss Coleridge on every side of his life and character without betraying a painful knowledge of his opium-eating, shows that the opium-eating was a much less serious element than we now consider it, or

that Coleridge successfully practised an extraordinary concealment amounting in its effect to duplicity. That Coleridge tried to conceal his degrading weakness we know. That (when-ever he began) he concealed it from himself down to 1803 we also know. But that he hid his opium-eating throughout the eleven years from 1803 until he betrayed himself to Cottle in 1814 we cannot believe. He told De Quincey of it in 1807. Is it likely that he lived nearly a year with Wordsworth's family in 1809 without once revealing his daily habit? Or, again, is it probable that Wordsworth and his sister, who did not shrink from discussing with Sir George and Lady Beaumont the most intimate relations of Coleridge with his wife, shrank from the disclosure of his opium-eating? It seems to me that all probability, as well as all the knowledge which we possess of Coleridge's singular openness of mind and his proneness to give free expression to his feelings, compel us to believe that whatever the extent of his habit, it was known to the friends about him. It was not fully known to his brother-in-law, and perhaps it was not fully known to his wife; but after 1803 these two were not among the friends about him.

Little as the light is that these letters afford on the opium troubles, I perceive that in various quarters there is a disposition to use them in support of conjectural statements as to when the opium-eating began. A writer in the *Athenaeum* (November 19) tells us, with the emphasis of certainty, that by the time that Southey, "reconciled to his brother-in-law" (they had then been several years reconciled), was about to arrive at Greta Hall, Coleridge

"had become a confirmed opium-eater," and that "the habit had attained such proportions, that the signification of the symptoms could only be disguised by the most frenzied attributions of the wretched condition of his health to gout, to climate—to everything, indeed, save the true cause."

This is the use to which a writer, who is well-informed on the facts of Coleridge's life, puts a letter written by Coleridge (September 22, 1803) a week after his return from Scotland. The ascertained facts are too few to justify so sweeping a charge of downright deceit on Coleridge's part. What grounds are there for supposing that Coleridge was a confirmed opium-eater when Southey reached Keswick in September 1803? There are next to none. Mr. Traill inclines to the opinion that Coleridge began the use of the Kendal Black Drop about April 1801. He is influenced by Coleridge's letter of that date to Southey, partly quoted by Cuthbert Southey. Prof. Brandl seems to think that Coleridge was a confirmed opium-eater in January 1801 (*Life of Coleridge*, p. 283), but gives no authority whatever. He has none to give. Coleridge himself says that in 1803 he first realised that he had contracted a habit of taking opium. There is no fair reason to accuse the writer of the letter of September 22, 1803, of either self-deception or conscious duplicity. At that time Coleridge was ill. He thought he was suffering chiefly from the gout, and in obvious sincerity he tried various gout medicines. It is something worse than unnecessary to say that all this time he knew full well that it was not chiefly the gout that troubled him.

This may seem to be a small matter, but it is really a large one, for it touches the important point of whether Coleridge is a truthful witness about himself. The writers who question his veracity on this head do not stop at giving him the lie direct on matters of less moment. Thus the critic just quoted will not believe that Coleridge spoke the truth when he said that he had suffered a three-months' attack of gout in 1794, and that he had then composed some verses on the terrors of his dreams. We are told that "the verses . . . may have had no existence until he, about this time, composed 'The Pains of Sleep.'" Also, let us add, they *may* have an existence under the title of "Visionary Hopes." Moreover, though Sara Coleridge fixes the date of "Pains of Sleep," as 1803, it is at least possible that the lines may have been composed in 1794, and never written down until 1803, when the return of the complaint recalled them, and they were transcribed for enclosure in the letter of September 22 to Sir George Beaumont. Surely the proper course is to believe Coleridge where we have no overwhelming reason for disbelieving him. The exact opposite of this appears to be the constant habit of some recent writers.

Passing from Coleridge's opium troubles to his home troubles, we find in these letters some definite information on a painful subject. Little has hitherto been known with certainty as to the form taken by Coleridge's differences with his wife. The reticence observed by those who have possessed knowledge of the facts has, perhaps, been a wise one; but it is just as well that there should no longer be any appearance of concealment, for it might come to be thought that there must be something serious to conceal. There has been nothing serious to conceal; and the whole truth, as these letters appear to show it, improves our opinion of Coleridge, without doing injury to any reasonable opinion of his wife. During his lifetime Coleridge was more than once accused of deliberate desertion of his family. It now appears from a letter of Dorothy Wordsworth's that, in 1806, Coleridge parted from Mrs. Coleridge with her full consent. That her consent was, on the whole, an unwilling consent, qualified by many fears as to what gossip would say of them, must certainly be allowed. But that she finally agreed to part from her husband, and made conditional arrangements concerning their children, is only to be questioned by those who are prepared to say that when Coleridge joined the Wordsworths at Coleorton late in 1806 he told them a tissue of falsehoods. It was already known that Southey was against the separation, and that as such he never really countenanced Coleridge's long absences from home. But it was not so fully known that, after a short period, ending with Coleridge's return to Keswick in the autumn of 1806, the Wordsworths were warmly in favour of the separation. They took Coleridge's side absolutely, and without any apparent reservations in Mrs. Coleridge's favour. In their view Coleridge was most unhappily married to a woman who bore to him no single point of resemblance. She was a thrifty housekeeper, and had other good qualities that might have made her a suitable wife for another man; but neither by temper nor by education was she fit for Coleridge, who

would only waste his pains in trying to bring her into sympathy with him. For a time Wordsworth appears to have thought that the best course for Coleridge was to make the best of a bad business, to recognise that it was a bad business, and not to fume or fret overmuch. Thus, he might not be happy, but need not be miserable. But even this negative attitude Wordsworth seems to have abandoned; and, so far as I can see, he spurred Coleridge's moral courage to the making of a definite separation. From 1806 onward Wordsworth acted consistently with his uncompromising view of the situation. He did not meddle with his friend's domestic troubles; but when Coleridge had taken a definite course, he showed sympathy in a very positive way—by inviting him to his house, and keeping him there, or at least suffering him to remain without remonstrance. On the point of Coleridge's care for the material welfare of his wife and children these memorials have nothing new to say.

The business of *The Friend* is much discussed in the letters of 1809. I see nothing here or elsewhere to justify the fine fun which some folks find in the way the journal was managed. Indeed, I begin to suspect my risible faculties when I read with grave bewilderment of "the puzzlement" of Coleridge's "despair" as the defects of his "execrable printing and publishing arrangements made themselves manifest." I cannot for the life of me see where the "puzzlement" comes in. What I do see is that, of all the circle at Grasmere, Coleridge was the person who took the least sanguine view, and perceived the most clearly that the real disasters sustained by his journal were due to the "execrable" "arrangements" of certain of his friends. But then what a joke it is that Coleridge should never suspect in advance that Clarkson had given him—no doubt unwittingly—a bogus subscription list! What fun that the rats at the printing-office should eat up a portion of a MS.! And what high jinks that the Earl of Cork should quietly accept copy after copy, keep all, and pay for none! It must be that that is where the "puzzlement of despair" comes in; only the puzzlement is not Coleridge's, but the exclusive property of his critics. Something to Coleridge's disadvantage is made of the circumstance that during the time of *The Friend* he worked by fits and starts, sometimes not writing a line for weeks and weeks, and then producing an entire number of the journal in two days. This is at least natural, and among imaginative writers a familiar experience. The marvel is not that it was so; but that any man of letters, with habits short of the regularity of the habits of a mill-horse, should express surprise that it was not otherwise.

The reader of these memorials who has exhausted their Coleridge episodes will not find much else to hold his attention. What we read of Wordsworth and Southey adds nothing, so far as I can see, to what is already known. The few letters of Scott are immortal. Certain side pictures of other people have an interest. De Quincey is lightly sketched by Dorothy Wordsworth as he appeared about the time he went in search of Coleridge at Bridgwater. Wilson (Christopher North) is also well described as he appeared in his early days at Windermere.

Wordsworth's brother-in-law, Henry Hutchinson, the sailor, is the subject of a letter by Coleridge. I have just heard that Hutchinson died in the Isle of Man, and was buried at Braddon, where an inscription by Wordsworth is over his grave. Some of the letters are good reading for their humour and some for their picturesqueness, and one or two for their pathos. Coleridge gives a happy sketch of his fellow-passengers on the way to Malta. Wordsworth describes very finely a view of Fleet Street at early morning, when it was pure white with a sprinkling of new-fallen snow, not a cart upon it, silent, empty, and with St. Paul's beyond solemnised by a thin white veil. No less fine, and of the same kind, is a letter in which Wordsworth describes a view of the Isle of Man from under Black Comb, with the snow on the peak of Snaefell, and under the peak a long body of cloud stretching the whole length of the island and poised above it. These descriptive passages in Wordsworth's letters seem to me to be as good as the very best of their kind in his poetry. There is a noble letter from Southey to Lady Beaumont on the death of her husband. Coleridge's letter, referred by the editor to 1811 (vol. ii., p. 164), seems to me, as to others, to be misplaced; but where it should stand in this correspondence I cannot say. Certainly not in 1804, unless Coleridge visited the Beaumonts at Coleorton on his way to London. Clearly it was written when Coleridge was under the same roof with Sir George and Lady Beaumont. This may have been at Keswick in the summer of 1803; but I should guess from the references to Keswick, Dunmow, and London, that the date was later and the place Coleorton.

The general tone of this correspondence is of the best; and though three of the writers were men of genius, the tone might, under the circumstances, have been other than good. Sometimes as we read we are conscious of a little stiffness and formality, as if the idea were never very remote from the consciousness of the writers that they were addressing persons who had the power to dispense favours. Perhaps the letters of Dorothy Wordsworth are the easiest and most familiar. Wordsworth's letters are often very formal; Southey's are nearly always so; and Coleridge's betray a little excess of warmth. Nevertheless, where money is in question there is never any servility or sham delicacy. In 1804 Coleridge declines a hundred pounds towards his expenses on going to Malta, and in 1825 Wordsworth declines his expenses to Italy; but in neither case is money regarded as too precious a thing to be exchanged between friends whose fortunes are unequal. The relations which this group of men bore towards each other were nearly always free from the faintest trace of uncharitableness. In one instance Coleridge shows his teeth in rather a bitter smile at the absurd over-praise of Southey, and now and again Southey's references to Coleridge are of a piece with nearly everything else written by him on that subject from 1807 to 1834. But, on the whole, the relations were those of mutual goodwill; and, in one instance, Coleridge says that the chief cause of Wordsworth and Southey having been classed with him as a school originated in their not hating or envying each other. He considered it unusual that friends

should take pleasure in each other's welfare and reputation. If he were living still it is probable that he would still think it unusual.

The attitude of this group of writers towards the rest of the world was fearless and manly. Perhaps in Wordsworth's case it amounted to indifference. There is nothing finer in these volumes than the letter (already well known) written by Wordsworth to Lady Beaumont, telling her to be as easy-hearted as he was concerning the immediate effect of his writings on the reading public. Nevertheless when the *Edinburgh Review* assailed Wordsworth rather bitterly, Coleridge's silence was not reckoned to his credit. Coleridge professed a great indifference to criticism, but when criticism seemed to empty his pockets he thought that Southey ought to have used the weapon (the *Quarterly*) which was always at his hand. Southey, again, believed he had brought himself to a high disdain of all literary assaults by the time he published his *Vision of Judgment*, but Byron enabled him to find out his mistake. On the whole, this group of poets were about as free from envy as is natural to rivals in public favour, and about as superior to public criticism as it is possible for men to be who have to live by public money.

Very beautiful, no doubt, is the calm assurance of ultimate fame which Wordsworth's letter to Lady Beaumont shows, and it has been abundantly ratified. But, then, Southey professed fully as much indifference to immediate reputation and as firm a confidence in his future, and time has not justified him of his faith. There is nothing sure about the fate of books, whether they be good or bad. Chance seems to have most to do with it. And, so far as I can see, the chances are, and always have been, about equal that a good book will fall flat and that it will make a noise. But I fancy the chances are as ten to one that if a good book fails of all immediate effect it will also fail of ultimate fame.

HALL CAINE.

THREE CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE CONTEMPORARY HISTORY OF FRANCE.

Recollections of Forty Years. By Ferdinand de Lesseps. Translated by C. B. Pitman. In 2 vols. (Chapman & Hall.)

Recollections of a Minister in France, 1869-1877. By E. B. Washburne. With Illustrations. In 2 vols. (Sampson Low.)

Memoirs of Count Horace de Viel Castel: a Chronicle of the Principal Events, Political and Social, during the Reign of Napoleon III. from 1851 to 1864. Translated and Edited by Charles Bousfield. In 2 vols. (Remington.)

THESE recollections of M. de Lesseps are disappointing because those which he gives are so interesting. M. Renan, congratulating M. de Lesseps upon election to the French Academy, assured him that, on the Day of Judgment, the Creator will not reproach him for having modified His handiwork, because there he would "continue to play the charmer's part." We know that M. de Lesseps is not unaccustomed to such extravagant language; that he is the most distinguished of living Frenchmen, "next to Lamartine,

the most beloved man of our century, the man upon whom the greatest number of legends and dreams have been built." These volumes, however, contain ample material for an accurate judgment upon the real qualities of the man—his courage, his perseverance, his never-failing hope, his great good humour and resource. There is enough to lead us almost to believe with his French adorers that he was born to cut isthmuses. There is a little which is new concerning the political difficulties of his great undertaking, but scarcely any account or record of the construction of the Canal which would have had permanent interest; and of these volumes the greater part is occupied with dispatches upon the affairs of Rome in 1849, and with essays upon consular duties, steam, Algeria, Abd-el-Kader, and Abyssinia, as to which others might possibly write more effectively than M. de Lesseps. It is interesting to know that it was Lamartine's opinion that, "in the event of a foreign war, a good understanding with Spain is equivalent to 200,000 men on the Pyrenean frontier," and to note how, in another direction, the practical de Lesseps baffled the visionary Mazzini. "I am informed," said the Frenchman to the Italian, "that you have meditated sending proclamations to the French troops. The French soldier would burn down his mother's house if he received orders to do so. You have consequently made a great blunder."

"The origin of the Suez Canal" was that "the government tried to make out that I was mad, and I resigned my functions in the diplomatic service." M. de Lesseps got one hundred friends to join in forming the preliminary company. "We each of us put in a share of £200, and this share is now worth over £40,000." The arrangement of the book is very disorderly, and the early chapter from which we take this quotation contains a promise that the Panama Canal "will be open in 1889." But it will help people to understand M. de Lesseps. He jumps his horse over a fearful wall, and rejoices that "this foolhardy act was one of the reasons which induced the viceroy's *entourage* to support my scheme." When none of a company of Egyptian soldiers could hit a target at 550 yards, the man born to cut isthmuses was asked to try a shot, and twice hit the bull's eye, and then declined a third "so as not to endanger my reputation of being a good shot." Half suffocated and very badly burnt in his cabin on the Nile, M. de Lesseps assured the viceroy, from his bed of suffering, that his accident was of good omen for the rest of the journey as they had acquitted their debt to ill luck.

Of M. de Lesseps' recollections, the most historic is that his father, who was political agent in Egypt in 1803, selected Mehemet Ali for the Pashalik of Cairo. Another is that Louis Napoleon, while a prisoner at Ham, having received powers for organising in Europe a Panama Canal Company, asked to be allowed to leave for America to undertake this mission, and M. de Lesseps has "reason to believe that he was on the point of going there from London when the revolution of 1848 opened the gates of France to him." How M. de Lesseps courted the aid of Cobden and combated the hostility of Palmerston is recorded; as, also,

the early favour with which the Duke of Cambridge and Mr. Gladstone regarded the Suez Canal. In 1856, the duke "expressed very freely and without the slightest reserve his sympathies with the project." In the same year, Prince Metternich advised "regulating by means of a convention the perpetual neutrality of the passage through the Suez Canal." But while M. de Lesseps strove with English energy for English support, he knew that "in France the opposition of England will be the chief source of attraction for us. You may rely on me that this will be so." With Napoleon III. he had so much power that, on asking for the recall of M. Sabatier, the French Consul-General in Egypt, the emperor replied: "If that is all you want, it is easily done. You can tell Walewski so." Again, the emperor aided him by refusing, one New Year's Day, to acknowledge the presence of the Turkish ambassador. The sultan's representative begged to know the cause of offence, and "the only answer he got was an expressive gesture accompanying the single word 'the firman.'" After this, and having said that "France could not allow England to take peaceable possession of Egypt," M. de Lesseps' recollections drift away from the Canal. M. de Lesseps is probably too much occupied to write a better book; and this, which is largely composed of desultory compositions with little or no reference to himself, is consequently marred by many repetitions and by conspicuous lack of methodical arrangement.

Mr. Washburne's recollections are much more consecutive. They are interesting as those of a shrewd, honest, kindly man who, during the siege of Paris and the rule of the Commune, occupied a remarkable position. They are prolix and apt to ramble far from the scene of action. Any competent editor, save the author, would have omitted or abbreviated most of the dispatches which occupy so many pages. There is matter of real value in these volumes; but it might have been contained in one. Louis Napoleon illustrated to Mr. Washburne "the great trouble of the French," their lack of self-help, by the story of "an old woman who stated to him with great earnestness that she had lost an umbrella, and she thought the government ought to furnish her with another." Mr. Washburne gives some original matter, such as Bismarck's dispatch, in which, after sanctioning the passage of General Burnside and Mr. Forbes through the German lines, he says: "This liberality of ours has been rewarded by those excellent cigars you have been kind enough to send me." The most extraordinary political occurrence in Paris was the appointment by a crowd of the National Defence Government. Gambetta threw out the names on slips of paper from a window of the Hôtel de Ville. The crowd approved, "and the men, without any other warrant of authority, were received and acknowledged by all the officers of the departments." Mr. Washburne has much scorn for some of the ways of the Parisians during the siege—their meetings with talk "for hours, calling it 'saving France'"; their mural inscriptions, "such as *Mort aux Prussiens, Deux têtes pour trois sous, Bismarck*

et Guillaume. And that is called making war!" Of their twenty-three daily newspapers, he says: "The amount of absolute trash, taken altogether, surpasses anything in history." But he admits that the French fought bravely around Paris, though they were badly led. Of their general, he says: "Trochu was too weak for anything, weak as the Indian's dog which had to lean against a tree to bark; the most incompetent man ever entrusted with such great affairs."

The second volume deals with the Commune. Among the decrees of that government, Mr. Washburne notes one "exempting tenants from the payment of rent for the previous nine months." The burning of the guillotine Mr. Washburne regards as "a piece of folly and absurdity." On the day of the great struggle around the Hôtel de Ville with *pétroleurs* and *pétroleuses*, one of the employés of the legation "counted in the Avenue d'Antin the dead bodies of eight children, the eldest not more than fourteen years of age, who, in distributing these incendiary boxes, had been shot on the spot." A Versailles officer told Mr. Washburne "that the order was to shoot every man taken in arms against the government." When the Communal Government was declared the Bank of France had 3,000,000,000 francs in gold and silver. It "got off by paying, during the Commune, only 7,500,000 francs." The bulk was preserved by the skill of the sub-governor, who said to the Communist leaders: "The day you lay your hands upon the Bank of France its notes will not be worth more than the old assignats. All your National Guards have their pockets full of 20 franc notes, and you will ruin them at one blow." In the conclusion of Mr. Washburne's pages, we learn that his brother, a manufacturer in Minneapolis, had sent two blankets for presentation to M. Thiers, on whose behalf Madame Thiers wrote appointing a day to receive Mr. Washburne and the fraternal offering. Before the day arrived, M. Thiers died; and, after his funeral, Madlle. Dosne told Mr. Washburne that "the last words he uttered were in reference to my coming to see him the next day." Among the last words of great men, it is worth remembering that those of *le libérateur du territoire* had reference "to a pair of carriage blankets of American manufacture." As an interesting sample of much irrelevant matter in these volumes, we may give Mr. Washburne's testimony as to the customs arrangements of New York, where he says:

"Persons going from the United States to Europe, desirous of taking back with them large quantities of dutiable goods, make their arrangements with the Custom-house officers before leaving New York, and on their return home and arriving at the port, their trunks were passed through without examination; but if arrangements had not been made beforehand bribery was openly resorted to at the time of landing." He adds that "the consequence was to induce many persons to go abroad having in view the purchasing of such articles as they wanted and defraying the expenses of the trip by the saving effected by the non-payment of the duties."

Of the six volumes before us, the most original and interesting are those containing memoirs of Count Horace de Viel Castel, who, though disposed to give most people a bad name,

had undoubtedly opportunities of seeing the inner life of the Court of Napoleon III., and we cannot help regretting that his notes do not extend to the catastrophe of 1870. Of the translator and editor much need not be said. His spelling—"Bourqueny," "Violette Duc," "Madier de Monjau," "Palikoe," "Constitutional," "pronunciamento," and "laqueys"—is strange. As to the count's temper, a judgment may be formed perhaps from two passages :

"My old friend, La Guéronnière, . . . has committed all the crimes that tarnish a man, though they do not come within the code, . . . and the foul petticoats of a miserable woman have become the winding-sheets of his honour. . . . My poor friend Marshal Canrobert, an excellent fellow and a very brave officer, though a wretched general, . . . is one of those frogs who presume too much upon the elasticity of their skin."

But there can be no mistake as to the count's picture of corruption. He says of the court :

"Ever the same disgraceful jobbery, immoral collusion, and trafficking in places, dignities, and so-called honours." Persigny was "as much like a gentleman as chicory is like coffee. . . . All the emperor's family, with very few exceptions, are a blackguardly set, and do him infinite harm."

Throughout, the emperor himself appears to be the best man of his court. Slow, cautious, sometimes irresolute, but with one idea and object—the glory of his dynasty—Napoleon is ready to make use of the English alliance, of any one, or anything, to that end. The count thinks his ruling idea was to avenge 1815 :

"It is my conviction that Napoleon III. does not like England. . . . With that calm dissimulation, the power of which he possesses in a greater degree than any one in the past or the present, with that patience, the practice of which he acquired during the solitude of a long captivity, he continues by a different process his uncle's work."

The furnishers of his palaces were "obliged to give receipts for a third more than the value of the goods supplied, and the difference goes into the pockets of the officers of the household." The emperor complained of the notoriety of St. Arnaud's losses on the Bourse, and gave Fould as his informant :

"Fould!" exclaimed St. Arnaud. "Why, sire, he has been speculating for a fall and I for a rise. I believed your Majesty's Government would inspire confidence, and I lose; your Minister of State has calculated on a panic, and he wins."

As for honours, the Count says: "It is no longer a legion, it is a rabble of honour." This is strong, but not so epigrammatic as the remark of another French writer: "Once they hung thieves on crosses, now they hang crosses on thieves." Prince Napoleon has the full weight of the count's contempt, of whose sister, Princess Mathilde, he was the intimate friend :

"In appearance he is like Napoleon I., without his expression; all that was grand in his uncle's nature is mere astuteness and vulgar instinct in the nephew's. The bitter enemy of Napoleon III., any favour conferred on him he attributes to the fear he inspires. If he were brave, one might pray that a bullet might carry him off, but there is no such hope."

According to the count, Prince Napoleon replied to La Guéronnière :

"The advantage of my position consists in my bad reputation. It would be almost a misfortune for the heir to the throne not to have a bad reputation. . . . The least act of virtue is consequently appreciated at a hundred times its real value."

When our queen visited Paris, this prince received the Order of the Bath.

"Censorious wits," says the count, "assert that this will not make him clean, and that the Queen would have done better had she simply send him a good-sized cake of Windsor soap."

The character of the Empress Eugénie is unblemished in these scandalous chronicles by anything except the accusation of political and pecuniary imprudence :

"The empress only thinks of herself and of getting what diamonds, jewels, and money she can out of the emperor. . . . The empress has 100,000 francs a month, and is found in everything. . . . She compromises the imperial policy with regard to Poland. . . . She wishes to support the insurrectionary movement in that country at whatever cost."

The emperor said to her one day, when they were not alone : "Really, Eugénie, you seem to forget that you are French and that you are married to a Bonaparte." She prayed for the pardon of Orsini because "he is such an excellent patriot"; and Gen. Espinasse said roughly to her Majesty : "Why do you meddle in this matter? If you are so unfortunate as to obtain Orsini's pardon you will not be able to show yourself in the streets of Paris without being hissed." As to Poland, the empress seems to have been moved by her religion; and as to Orsini, by dislike for Austria.

The count is a good hater of England. At the time of the Orsini attempt he thought "the policy of England infamous." He rejoiced to hear from London that "An association of working-men called the 'Trades Union' are raising the flag of Socialism, and presuming to dictate terms even to the manufacturers themselves." He inclined to think the fogs of Paris "another of the results of free trade." That the Queen of England should "bring a fleet to Cherbourg at the time our squadron is there, and not stay and assist at the fêtes," he thought "the very alpha and omega of impertinence." The count was a pamphleteer, and one of his productions bore the title, "English Sentiments of Justice and Humanity with regard to the Question of India." He seems to have felt pleased when the *Times* attributed it to "Canrobert or a Russian agent."

ARTHUR ARNOLD.

Industrial Peace. By L. L. F. R. Price, with a Preface by Prof. Alfred Marshall. (Macmillan.)

Theory and fact are seldom so happily united as in this work. Prof. Marshall, in an important preface, explains the rationale of arbitration and conciliation between employers and workmen. A theoretical exposition of this subject was much needed. It lies beyond the scope of the text-books, which for the most part assume a law of supply and demand based upon competition. As

long as we suppose the force of competition to have free play, it is comparatively easy to work out an exact theory, "like the exercises of a chess player," to use Prof. Marshall's happy metaphor, "delighting in brilliant combinations, and without a sigh for the knights or the pawns who may be sacrificed on the way." But when we are not entitled to assume that each individual is independently trying to make the best bargain for himself—when combinations act in concert—the exact character of economic science becomes blurred and obliterated by the action of political and ethical elements. What is now required is the sort of considerations which regulate a commercial treaty between two communities, rather than the laws appropriate to a perfect market.

Upon this obscure topic Prof. Marshall throws a ray of light. He does not, like so many of his predecessors, shrink from analysing the popular notion of "a fair rate of wages." He abandons, indeed, or defers to a distant future, the application of an abstract ideal justice. "An absolutely fair rate of wages belongs to Utopia." The working principle seems rather to be a justice based upon custom.

"The starting-point in our search for the rate of payment for any task, in the limited sense of 'fair,' with which alone we are here concerned, may be found in the average rate that has been paid for it during living memory; or during a shorter period, if the trade has changed its form within recent years. But this average rate is often very difficult to determine; and, therefore, for practical purposes it is generally best to take in lieu of it the rate actually paid in some year when, according to general agreement, the trade was in a normal condition."

The difficulty of ascertaining the normal year is aggravated by additional complexities. It appears that the notion of fairness, as above described, is not the only regulative idea which is present to the mind of the contracting parties. While making peace they may have an eye to the possibilities of war. The terms of the pact are often adjusted with reference to "the general tendency of economic forces," if not, indeed, to "the extent of the preparations for war on either side."

The theory of Prof. Marshall is consistent with the exemplifications contributed by Mr. Price. The book, like the preface, is free from the affectation of an abstract simplicity unsuited to the subject. Mr. Price does not fall into the error which has been called—by Jevons, if we remember rightly—the fallacy of a single principle. He is aware that there cannot be "any single panacea for social ills." He expects to see "the old relation of wage-payer and wage-receiver continuing side by side with the new developments" of co-operation and industrial partnership. He does not attempt to confine within strict classifications the endless variety of affairs and institutions. At the same time, by a judicious arrangement, he enables us to grasp the immense mass of heterogeneous details which he embraces. He illustrates by numerous examples both the possibility and the difficulty of determining a normal rate of wages.

"If wages are to be regulated by selling prices, there must be some agreement with regard to the time when the two are to be considered as

standing in a normal relation towards one another.

“But this agreement upon a fair and normal relation is by no means easy of attainment; and the history of arbitration in the iron trade of the North abundantly illustrates this.”

In fact, a “fair rate of wages” would seem to be, like Aristotle’s standard man, serviceable when found. The parallel is not altogether discouraging. Just as, in spite of philosophical disputes, common sense is agreed upon the general maxims of morality, so in the special department of justice with which we are here concerned, the examples adduced by our author show that a definite solution, though by no means easy, is yet not so hopeless as it may appear from a speculative point of view. Good sense exercised on the merits of each particular case, under the control of good temper, appears to be of more avail than abstract theory. For detailed illustrations we refer the reader to Mr. Price’s exhaustive work. We must content ourselves here with the summary encomium, that the book is worthy of the preface. Or, if a standard of excellence in *pari materia* should be applied, we venture to pronounce that Mr. Price’s work is not unbefitting a place beside the celebrated studies upon *Sliding-scales* which have been executed by Prof. Munro.

F. Y. EDGEWORTH.

THREE TOURISTS IN THE WEST.

A Year in the Great Republic. By E. C. Bates. (Ward & Downey.)

A Lady’s Ranch Life in Montana. By I. R. (W. H. Allen.)

The Making of the Great West, 1512-1883. By S. A. Drake. (Fisher Unwin.)

Of these three books, two are the record of the writers’ personal impressions of America. The third rehearses seventy years of “old deeds in countries new,” and, on the whole, is the more useful of the three.

What a lady thinks of certain people, or of certain cities, is to a large extent dependent for its weight on the opinion which the reader may entertain regarding the value of her verdict; hence, the uncertain price at which Miss Bates’s views will be appraised. The latest American tourist undeniably writes with ease, and often with force. But she has not much to tell that was worth telling, and nothing whatever, except experiences and impressions of a merely personal character, which has not been told many times before. She visited Canada, Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, crossed “the Plains” to California, went North to Vancouver Island, “did” the Yellowstone Park, Salt Lake City, and Chicago; and she seems to have religiously seen everything that everybody else sees, from the Yosemite Valley to the pig-slaughtering place on the shores of Lake Michigan. Such a journey, if made twenty or thirty years ago, would have meant fame. Performed in these prosaic days of railways and great hotels, it becomes singularly commonplace. In any case, the tale of her holiday could have been told in less space than two volumes. Much of it is padding—interviews with more or less eminent people, and descriptions of Boston preachers—while

nearly a hundred pages are devoted to a most unimproving account of spiritualism in America, though, in truth, it might just as well have been an account of that folly in London, or in Sydney. As a rule, however, Miss Bates writes to the purpose, and with feminine good taste. She has the redeeming merit of being rarely dull; and if she steels her heart so far to apply the pruning-knife freely to her next edition—padding, passage over, fellow-passengers, preachers, spiritualists, guide-book, and even to the cackle of Boston *literati*—we could safely recommend it as a readable narrative of the commonplaces of travel along the beaten tracks of the New World. Only she would in future show wisdom in being very chary of statements which are evidently of second-hand origin. The steamboat or hotel acquaintance is seldom a safe informant, if the kind of social gossip he imparts is on a par with that in the first ten lines of the fourth paragraph of vol. ii., p. 149. These cannot be pleasant reading to the family of the most famous governor who ever ruled British Columbia, or to those who, like the reviewer, can look back on the friendships of half a lifetime. This statement regarding a much-esteemed lady is, as Miss Bates puts it, absolutely erroneous. Indeed, the entire paragraph is so out of place that, if she desires to keep in the good graces of old North-Westers, she will delete it, and a few more of an equally “man-in-the-street” appearance.

Mrs. “I. R.” is a much less pretentious writer. Her little book consists of letters from an English horse-ranch in Montana, which, though not containing anything of either political or geographical moment, may be commended for their unaffectedness and the freshness that first impressions generally impart. At the same time, it is one of those volumes which are more interesting to the home circle than to the wider world, who have not the pleasure of the young bride’s acquaintance. An index or a table of contents would have improved the volume, as the former would have made Miss Bates’s memoranda more accessible than they are.

Mr. Drake’s prettily illustrated contribution to the current literature of American travel is of an entirely different character. It is a narrative of adventures, though the adventures are not those of the author, but of the men who explored and opened up the great West, from De Soto to Brigham Young. The Spanish, French, and English civilisations are traced, the birth of “the American idea” described, and the gold discoveries in California and what they led to limned in language as clear as might be expected from a writer so practised as Mr. Drake. The cuts are numerous and appropriate; and, though not always new, are not likely to be very familiar to the readers of this volume. No more welcome present could be offered to an intelligent boy; indeed, there are not many parents whose knowledge of American history is so thorough that they will find this story of the Western pioneers a twice-told tale.

ROBERT BROWN.

NEW NOVELS.

A Devout Lover. By Mrs. H. Lovett Cameron. In 3 vols. (White.)

Harmonia. By the author of “Estelle Russell.” In 3 vols. (Macmillan.)

Seth’s Brother’s Wife. By Harold Frederic. In 2 vols. (Chatto & Windus.)

The Plan of Campaign. By F. Mabel Robinson. In 2 vols. (Chatto & Windus.)

The Yoke of the Thorah. By Sydney Luska. (Cassell.)

Propsy. By J. B. Douglas. (London Literary Society.)

Daddy’s Boy. By L. T. Meade. (Hatchards.)

Briar and Palm. By Annie S. Swan. (Edinburgh: Oliphant.)

Most readers will think that the susceptibility of Mrs. Lovett Cameron’s hero-lover is quite as remarkable as his devotion, and it is certainly more entertaining—that is, at the outset, for as the story goes on it becomes a little tiresome. While prowling aimlessly about the lanes on Sunday morning, instead of going to church to set a good example to his father’s parishioners, Geoffrey Dane meets a young lady curiously attired in a poke-bonnet and a long black cloak, who has, however, a pale, oval face, curved red lips, eyes of divine and heavenly blue, and a figure “whose absolute perfection of outline a Juno might well have regarded with envy and despair.” We are, of course, prepared to learn that Geoffrey falls in love at first sight with the paragon in the poke-bonnet; but the rapidity with which he betrays his passion is somewhat startling, and the promptitude of the lady’s response still more so. Madame de Bréfour is living in seclusion with her father-in-law at the Hidden House, for she has a husband who is an imbecile, and who ought to be a convict, and she professes to have retired from the world of men and women to the world of books. Perhaps, like the Lady of Shalott, she has become “half-sick of shadows”—even the shadows of Bacon and Erasmus—so when Geoffrey, at her own request, calls upon her, she first leads him to suppose that she is a widow, then allows him to go down upon his knees and cover her hand with kisses, and finally dismisses him with the tender words “God bless you, Geoffrey.” This kind of thing goes on at intervals throughout the story; but as both the young man and the grass-widow are—to use the American humourist’s phrase—“virtuous to the verge of eccentricity,” there is no nearer approach to anything like impropriety. Unfortunately, as a rule, a record of philandering between a young married woman and a man who is not her husband, is, if not improper, at least dull and unlikeness; and to this rule *A Devout Lover* is not an exception. Geoffrey’s secondary love-affair—if such it can be called—with Angel Halliday, whom he marries because Madame de Bréfour requests him to do so, is hardly more natural; indeed, human nature, as most of us know it, is to be found only in comparative unimportant persons like Miles Faulkner and Angel’s sister Dulcie, who conduct their affairs, love-making included, after the fashion of ordinary beings. It would be unfair to

leave the impression that *A Devout Lover* is destitute of good things. It has a few well-conceived situations, and some of the conversations are bright and easy; but the mirror it holds up to nature has a good many non-reflective or distorting patches which stand sadly in need of re-silvering.

I hope I shall not raise expectations which will not be fulfilled when I describe *Harmonia* as a sort of rough-hewn American *Cranford*. It is, like *Cranford*, not so much a story with the orthodox hero, heroine, and plot, as a sketch of a little community whose character is simple and well marked and whose manners are more or less primitive. The author of *Estelle Russell* is not a Mrs. Gaskell, for she has not Mrs. Gaskell's inimitable lightness of touch or peculiar grace and humour; but she possesses some of what may be called Mrs. Gaskell's minor qualities—her quick observation, her aptitude for arranging effective groups, and her power of indicating character by a few simple descriptive or dramatic strokes. *Harmonia* is a new "city"—English readers must remember the American significance of the term—in one of the United States lying south of "Dixie's line," and the story deals with the characters and fortunes of some of the earliest citizens who constitute a rather miscellaneous crowd. Harry Tregellas and his young wife, who stand out well in the foreground, are a well-bred and admirable, rather than specially interesting, young couple. But the unscrupulous Major Forepaw, who intends to make his pile out of *Harmonia*; the ignorant, greedy, pig-headed parson, Mr. Bloss, whose aims, though humbler, are not one whit more exalted; the easy-going, somewhat dissolute young Englishman Raine, of whom love makes a man; the Haverstocks and the Ellacombes—all are really entertaining portraits. The chapter devoted to the meeting of the committee for fixing Mr. Bloss's salary, at which Tregellas wins golden opinions by contributing twenty dollars and a "shot"—*Anglice*, a half-grown pig—is specially good; but, indeed, the book is good throughout, though not, perhaps, with that special kind of goodness which attracts the ordinary English novel reader.

Seth's Brother's Wife, like the book just noticed, is an American story; and if Mr. Harold Frederic be a new writer, which, apparently, is the case, he is a writer from whom something good may fairly be expected. His present story is very good indeed—simple but exceedingly workmanlike in construction, and with a really strong capable grasp of character. One cannot but feel that Seth Fairchild proves a fool of the first magnitude when he allows himself to be fascinated by the mean, shallow, heartless woman whom his brother Albert has been unfortunate enough to make his wife; but there is at least a grain of folly in the composition of most of us, and the writer's skill is shown in letting us see how Isabel Fairchild worked upon the weak side of a man who was not by any means altogether weak, but whose weakness, such as it was, she had thoroughly mastered. In the general conception of Isabel there is nothing new—it is as old as the story of Delilah; but the presentation is as fresh as if the author were dealing with a type of character hitherto unutilised in fiction.

There is fine art in the way in which the New England temptress begins her spells by a factitious claim upon Seth's gratitude; and she is so astute and self-possessed throughout that even the reader does not really know her for what she is until the moment when she rapturously greets the lover whom she supposes to have come red-handed from the murder of her husband. It is Isabel Fairchild who really makes the book, and it is, therefore, well named; but the purely bucolic and political chapters are admirable studies, though the latter will have a rather caviare quality for the English reader.

I had hoped against hope that *The Plan of Campaign*, in spite of its title, might not turn out to be a political novel—though readable political novels have been written, and will, I suppose, be written again; but, when I discovered that the opening was laid in a Dublin drawing-room, hope died within me, and I resolved to suffer, and be strong. There has been less suffering and less need for endurance than there might have been. The political talk is kept within quite reasonable limits, and the eviction scenes are among the best things in the book. Nor is the story a one-sided polemical affair. Miss Mabel Robinson is as keenly alive to the sorrows of impecunious landlords as to the sorrows of impecunious tenants, and probably sturdy partisans on both sides will think *The Plan of Campaign* terribly wanting in backbone; but sturdy partisans are not the best of literary critics, and ordinary readers will not make this a ground of complaint. A more valid ground of objection to the book is its overflowing sentimentalism. The amorous raptures and despairs of the Nationalist leaders—especially of Talbot, who is in other respects a really heroic figure—are about as undignified as they well could be, and excite not sympathy, but a certain half-contemptuous pity, which we are certain is not the emotion we are intended to feel. For a story of Irish life, *The Plan of Campaign* is almost curiously wanting in humour; but there is a good deal of sombre power in the chapters which follow the account of the murder of Lord Roeglass.

If the second half of *The Yoke of the Thorah* had been equal to the first it would, I think, have been really a remarkable story. As it is, it is disappointing, and even irritating; all the more so, of course, because it promises so much. Still, even the inartistic second part has an interest of its own as a sketch of middle-class Jewish life in New York, evidently written from the inside; and if Mr. Sidney Luska had divided his materials he might have produced two unequivocal successes instead of one comparative failure. For the first part, taken by itself, no reader will have words other than those of enthusiastic praise. The love-story of the young Jewish painter, Elias Bacharach, and the sweet American girl, Christine Redwood, is a beautiful city idyll; and there is true and powerful tragedy, in the legitimate sense of the word, in the chapters which tell how the morbidly sensitive rather than weak nature of Elias came under the yoke, not of the Thorah, which for him had lost its sacredness, but of a stronger, calmer, and more persistent will than his own—a will, too, whose volitions seemed able to command supernatural aid.

The Rabbi Gedaza is one of the most impressive figures in recent fiction; and the pages which follow Elias's confession to his uncle of his approaching marriage to a Gentile woman are rich in a quite remarkable intensity of imaginative realisation. In the scene at the marriage ceremony the interest culminates; and then, unfortunately, the story falls to pieces, and all that follows is weariness and vexation of spirit. It is very sad, but the sadness does not kill hope for the future of the author of certain striking chapters in *The Yoke of the Thorah*.

There is not much to be said about *Propsy*. It is conventional in structure, very amateurish and slightly vulgar in style, and not specially interesting. Work which is purely imitative, and which has no individual character, is only tolerable when good models are chosen; and as the models chosen by Mr. J. B. Douglas are not good, it is difficult to speak of the book even in those terms of faint praise which are equivalent to critical damnation. It can only be said that it is not absolutely unreadable; and to some novels even this faint praise cannot be awarded.

Daddy's Boy is not one of its author's best stories; but its weaknesses, such as they are, will not be felt as weaknesses by the young readers for whom it is evidently intended. The book, in its general conception, will remind adult readers rather too strongly of Miss Florence Montgomery's pretty, though too sad, story *Misunderstood*; but the details are altogether different, and, happily, little Ronald does not die. He is a sweet little hero, who is sure to be a favourite; and we do not care to inquire too curiously whether his portrait is altogether true to child-nature. It is best to accept so pretty an idealisation without asking questions.

In *Carlowrie* Miss Swan achieved a success which she does not seem able to repeat; at any rate, she has not repeated it in *Briar and Palm*, which is a creditable piece of hack-work, but nothing more. The natural features of the coast of South-west Lancashire, where some of the scenes are laid, is well described; but the characters are all conventional, and therefore unimpressive.

JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE.

GIFT BOOKS.

The Earth and its Story. By Robert Brown. (Cassell.) This fine volume ought to be popular with the large class that loves science made easy and adorned with plenty of illustrations. The work is meant either to serve as a companion to the treatises on ethnology and political geography brought out by the same editor, or to take an independent place as a popular manual of physiography. It is based on Prof. Kirchhoff's *Allgemeine Erdkunde*, of which it was at first intended to publish an English edition; but it was found necessary to make such extensive alterations, especially in the way of abridging local and technical details unsuited to the English taste, that the whole proportions of the work had to be modified. Enough of the original has been retained to afford a full explanation of all that appears in the well-known illustrations, and a great number of new cuts have been added.

Insect Ways on Summer Days. By Jennett Humphreys. (Blackie.) Something after the fashion of that old friend of our youth,

The Butterfly's Ball, Miss Humphreys introduces a variety of common insects to the inquiring looks of the young. The tiger moth, hornet, death-watch, water boatman, and a number of other familiar creatures are described, and their marvellous economy expounded in the simplest of language for the very little ones. These insects generally tell their own stories in an artless and amusing manner, and the author has frequently inserted rhymes on them which candour compels us to state are often sad doggrel. But if they fulfil the purpose for which they may be supposed to have been inserted—that of impressing the names and habits of any of these common objects of daily life in the country upon infantile faculties, no exception can be taken to them, though (as in the lyric of the cantharides), they must provoke a smile:

"Mrs. Lister
Wished to blister
Her poor sister
For a twister," &c., &c.

The account of the insects' habits and metamorphoses is, however, the chief end of the book, and this is carefully and skilfully written. The chapter on the turnip-fly is excellent; only, by way of popularising the subject, it is headed "Black Jack, the Nigger." Similarly that on cockroaches is styled "Mistress Blatta has a Chatta." Passing by these affectations, however, which may lend animation when the stories are read to the young, we must carp at the introduction of the scientific names of the creatures. "Long words," says the author, "but do not be afraid of long words." When the "cuckoo-spit" insect is called *Aphrophora spumaria*, or the "woolly bear" of the nettle beds *Arctia caja*, the tendency of the chapter would, to our minds either repel the young entomologist or send him to sleep. It would have been better to have avoided the minutiae of science in a book professing to give instruction after the fashion of Horace's schoolmaster, who tempted boys to learn with "crustula." Still the book will prove not only instructive but delightful to every child whose mind is beginning to inquire and reflect upon the wonders of nature. It is capitally illustrated and very tastefully bound, and just the book for a sensible Christmas present.

Gossips with Girls and Maidens., By Lady Bellairs. (Blackwood.) Books of advice to the young, whether youths or maidens, are generally useless and foolish, but Lady Bellairs' volume is an agreeable exception to the rule. The "Gossips" are divided into five books, to which eleven short appendices are added. The chief characteristic of the treatise is its sound commonsense, and the practical nature of its contents. Lady Bellairs endeavours to avoid generalities, and give definite and accurate information on all the subjects she treats of. Whether she is speaking of personal habits, household management, women's occupations, savings banks, marriage settlements, cooking or education, her information is equally accurate, systematic and useful, and always brought down to date. She has no sympathy with unwomanly women, but she earnestly protests against the idea that "women meant to do God's work in the world should be kept in perpetual baby-clothes"; adding that "ignorance is not innocence after a certain age, and parents can no more keep their daughters' minds childish than they can their bodies." The passage on the "natural evil results of ill-assorted unions" is a noble and courageous piece of wisdom for which all good citizens will thank Lady Bellairs. The binding, paper, and printing of the book are charming. No woman in any class of life can fail to find the book useful. There ought to be a cheap edition.

Short Biographies for the People. By Various Writers. (Religious Tract Society.) This series of careful and interesting biographies was at first mainly devoted to eminent reformers; but in the volume before us we have sketches of Dr. Chalmers, David Livingstone, Palissy the Potter, Prof. Faraday, and Alderman Kelly. The lives of the brothers de Valdés, by the Rev. J. R. Thomson, and of John A'Lasco, by the Rev. A. H. Drysdale, are the only additions made to the list of biographies of reformers. The former are interesting as throwing light upon the condition of religions thought in Spain, and the latter from his connexion with England. Mr. Thomson calls attention to the circulation in Spain of the works of Erasmus, especially the *Enchiridion* and *Colloquies*; and his remarks on this point will serve to correct Mr. Drysdale's mistakes, who speaks of Erasmus as the "chief apostle of culture" and "not much of a theologian," with "no great depth of spiritual sympathy or insight." But in spite of this unjust estimate of Erasmus, Mr. Drysdale's biography is a valuable contribution to the series, which, so far, successfully maintains its standard of excellence.

A Country Mouse. By Mrs. Herbert Martin. (Griffith, Farran, & Co.) This is a well-written and amusing story, and Mrs. Martin can draw characters so clearly that she will probably write a much better one. The sisterless but spoilt Lena, and her cousin, the "country mouse," form an excellent contrast. Both seem to be studied from nature, and of the two Lena is the greater success. Wilful, impulsive, vain, and silly as she is, it is yet impossible not to be interested in her, and to believe that there is some good *au fond*, though we get few glimpses of it as long as she is surrounded by the flatters of her rich father and herself. Luckily for her she has a day of humiliation, and her false friends disappear with her prosperity. There is no home left for her but that of the "country mouse." Then the good comes out, and a spirit of independence is born in her which makes her quite a heroine. Story interesting—characters lifelike—humour and pathos of a genuine kind—moral unimpeachable—clearly a book to recommend. But the end is weak. That turning-up of the scapegrace uncle is a poor device; and, if it was necessary to make everybody happy with a good lump sum at the end, ten thousand pounds was hardly enough for a large family.

The Dragon of the North. By E. J. Oswald. (Seeley.) The conquest of Apulia by the Normans affords an excellent field for romance, especially when the artist knows how to use the gossip of the monkish chroniclers about spectres and Saracen wizards and grisly "dragons of the slime." Our Northern dragon is of a more familiar kind, a war-drake from the Bay, one of the golden-headed galleys which carried brave warriors and bright ladies to Sicily or Micklegarth. The Northmen are of the mild type first introduced by the author of *Sintram*; but there is plenty of adventure in the book, which ends seasonably with the destruction of all the villains and a general triumph of law and order.

Their Pilgrimage. By C. D. Warner. (Sampson Low.) This bustling story of American watering-places, filled from cover to cover with amusing and well-drawn illustrations, ought to be received at once into popular favour. One of the characters thinks it just enchanting to "get a thousand people crowded into one hotel under a glass roof and let them buzz around"; and from this point of view Mr. Warner's story is certainly most successful. A brisk tale, mostly of picnics and seaside adventures, will be a relief to those who have become

somewhat tired of the painstaking, but rather dismal, kind of analytical novel which has found so many admirers on both sides of the Atlantic.

The Little Royal Highness. By Ruth Ogden. (Griffith, Farran, & Co.) This is a very American and a very pleasant story. Regie (H.R.H.) and his bodyguard Nan and Harry are a nice little trio. Then there is a nurse, Sister Julia, who is all that is sweet and lovable, and a shipwreck and a rescue, and a dear old clergyman and an unsuccessful attempt at suicide, and a fine old skipper of the name of Murray, some dogs, and a pony. Moreover, Miss Ogden shows us that our American cousins are one with us in their love for what is childlike and noble, and manly and refined. After all this, we wonder whether Miss Ogden will think us very unkind if we say that the illustrations by W. Rainey are even better than her story.

Captain Fortescue's Handful. By C. Marryat Norris. (Griffith, Farran, & Co.) A very nice handful too, but a little hard for a lone widower to manage—Poppy and Flop, Pet and Joy—growing up anyhow without a mother or an aunt, or even a housekeeper to look after them. Healthy and natural, and the delight of their father, but a little wild and untidy, and sadly wanting in respect for their prim uncle from London, who was shocked at finding beds still unmade in the afternoon, and objected to a monkey chained in the dining-room. Naughty but nice children, careless but affectionate father, what would have happened to you all if that aunt had not come from India? Well, goodness only knows! But the aunt did come; and she prevented Pet from breaking her heart over a worthless lover, made Flop read sensible books, weaned Poppy from the stables, and at last conquered even Joy's rather stubborn but noble little heart. Then, as a general steadier all round, the Captain is shot by a smuggler, and when he recovers, his handful is no longer unmanageable. Notwithstanding, however, their great improvement, the language of these four young ladies has, even at the end of the book, a freedom which their uncle would fail to admire, however much it may endear them to the reader. Altogether, it is a very nice book, and nicely illustrated by Miss Edith Scannell.

A Flock of Girls. By Nora Perry. (Boston: Ticknor; London: Trübner.) Welcome, sisters from over the sea, Tacy and Jim, Violet and Marigold, Tib and Con, and the rest of you! How is it possible to introduce such a number of young ladies all at once, and how to make distinctions when all are almost equally nice and clever and unaffected? A general recommendation is the only way out of it. And this should be enough, seeing that on either side of the Atlantic a flock of nice girls is always welcome; and on this side you have the advantage that you are just a little strange, go to schools not quite like English schools, spend dollars instead of shillings, and "own up" instead of confessing when you are naughty.

Historic Girls. By E. S. Brooks. (Putnam's.) An excellent book in every way. The story of Woo—a little girl who afterwards became Empress Supreme and Sovereign Divine of China, A.D. 635—will be fresh, we guess, to many grown-up readers. It can hardly fail to interest the young to find that their old friend King Cole was a British king, and that, owing to his fondness for "his pipe and his bowl," he would have come to grief had it not been for the tact of his daughter Helena.

Seeking a City, by Maggie Symington (Cassell), is a very pretty little story of its kind, in

spite of the rather affected title. Nan Styleman, the girl heroine, and her grandfather with the expressive *alias* of "King Pippin," and her "dawg" Sailor, and her tormentor Kemp Wilderspin—not to speak of a good squire and others—are arranged and rearranged into a number of very effective groups. The story is one with a purpose, of course; and its object is to show how goodness, as personified by Nan, and still more by her grandfather, triumphs over not the wickedness, but the mischievousness and the undisciplined nature of Kemp Wilderspin, and how he, by way of thanks, does a good turn for those who have done so much for him. "King Pippin" is as good a character in every sense as has figured in any gift-book of the season.

The Willoughby Captains. By Talbot Baines Reed. (Hodder & Stoughton.) There are symptoms of falling-off in Mr. Reed's new public-school story. It is not a bad book of its kind; but it is rather a poor story for its author, who has, perhaps, exhausted this particular vein, and should try another. One gets a little tired of the virtues of Riddell, the captain of Willoughby school, who is practically deposed for the sake of another boy, but whose good qualities are ultimately recognised and triumphant, and wish he had been willing (or able) to administer a good thrashing to Silk and Gilks, the villains (or villain and dupe) of the story. *The Willoughby Captains* is chiefly valuable for the careful photographs it contains of certain school-scenes and interiors. From one or two of these we gather that there is still a great deal of rough-and-tumble work in public schools—at least in some them.

My Life and Balloon Experiences. By H. Coxwell. (W. H. Allen.) The veteran "air-captain" has wisely determined to deal very shortly with the uneventful portions of his life, and to gratify his readers with a full account of his principal adventures in cloudland. Mr. Coxwell does not confine himself to his own experiences, but has added an interesting account of the chief ascents of this century, including the celebrated ascent in which Green and Rush attained a height of over five miles. An essay on military ballooning contains some instructive information as to the prospects of an art which is still in its infancy, and as to the proper methods of dealing with balloon-mines and aerial torpedoes. It is satisfactory to learn that the flying dynamiter can be blown out of his car by means of a bullet of "spongy platinum."

Dacie Darlingsea. By Mrs. Dambrill-Davies. (Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.) The author of this pleasantly written book has, like the author of *Childe Harold*, "loved the sea." The story itself is slight, and the various chapters serve as frames for pictures of the sea. The heroine, Dacie Darlingsea, was born—metaphorically speaking—on the shore, and it nearly proved her last resting-place. The book is charmingly illustrated. There is many a pretty view of the beautiful Isle of Wight, and besides of Scotland and even of distant Norway.

Letters to a Daughter and a Little Sermon to School Girls. By Helen Ekin Starrett. (Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson, & Ferrier.) Short and practical, these letters seem to include every counsel that it is possible to give to girls beginning to go out into society or to become a help at home. And the advice is backed up with excellent quotations from various authors, the chapter on conversation being especially noteworthy in this respect. Confucius said "It is not easy to find a man who has studied for three years without coming to be good." The "Little Sermon," on the contrary, reminds us that too often our intellectual faculties are highly educated, while our moral feelings are disregarded. We are

reminded, too, that genuine culture is of the heart, not of the mind.

Both Sides, by Jessie W. Smith (Nisbet), is a story of a gentle widow who learns to look at both sides of everything. A good book with an excellent moral.

The Christmas Number of the Monthly Packet, (Smith & Innes), edited by Charlotte M. Yonge, contains a series of tales on the motto "Where the King is, there is the Court." To many, the name of Miss Yonge will be a guarantee that the tales are worth perusal.

NOTES AND NEWS.

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN will publish next week three volumes of collected pieces by the late Edward Thring, of Uppingham: *Addresses*, with a portrait; *Uppingham School Songs and Borth Lyrics*; and *Poems and Translations*. We understand that the contents of these volumes were sent to the printers by Mr. Thring just before his fatal illness. They have been seen through the press by his daughter.

DR. JOSEPH JACKSON HOWARD, of Blackheath, has been appointed, on the nomination of the Duke of Norfolk, herald of arms extraordinary, with the title of Maltravers. Dr. Howard is well known as the editor of *Miscellanea Genealogica*, and as one of the founders of the Harleian Society, for which he has edited several volumes of *Visitations*. The work on which he is now engaged is a history of the great Catholic families of England.

READERS at the Public Record Office will be glad to learn that Mr. Maxwell Lyte has made an important modification in the rules. Up to now only three documents at a time were allowed to a reader, and he could not write from more than three at a time. In future, when a reader is going through a consecutive series of records he may give notice to the attendant in the room, and he will be supplied with them as rapidly as he requires them. By the old rule, for instance, it took quite a fortnight or three weeks to run through the subsidy notes for a single county; by the new rule this can be accomplished in two or three hours. The old rule, which was not of old date, was practically prohibitory, and the number of readers had fallen off greatly in consequence. Now it is to be hoped that students will be again attracted to the study of our great national records.

DURING the absence in America of Mr. Ernest Rhys, his editorial duties in relation to the "Camelot" series have been entrusted to Mr. W. H. Dircks, of Newcastle-on-Tyne. As the writer of the introduction to the *Walden* of Thoreau, Mr. Dircks has already been connected with the series.

The Fleet: its River, Prison, and Marriages, by John Ashton, with seventy drawings by the author from original pictures, will be published next week by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.

MR. ALEXANDER GARDNER will shortly issue a new and limited edition of Pinkerton's *Vitae Sanctorum Scotiae*, which, as originally published in 1789, contained Adamnan's life of St. Columba, the lives of St. Ninian, St. Kentigern, and St. Margaret, and Ailred's eulogium of St. David. It is now proposed to add to these the life of St. Serf and the legend of St. Andrew; and the offices of the saints, including the office of St. Macha, with the only known fragments of his life.

MESSRS. HURST & BLACKETT announce for publication during this month *Bandobast and Khabar: Reminiscences of India*, by Col. Cuthbert Larking, with twelve illustrations from original drawings by the author; a new novel, in three volumes, entitled *A Breton Maiden*, by

the author of "Till my Wedding Day"; and also *Lodge's Peerage and Baronetage* for 1888.

A VOLUME of sermons that the Rev. Baldwin Brown was preparing for the press at the time of his death will be issued immediately by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, under the title of *The Risen Christ*.

The Story of the Cross is the title of a new poem to be issued immediately by Mr. Elliot Stock.

WE understand that the first edition of the English translation of M. Forneron's *Louise de Keroualle* has been sold out, and that a second edition is already nearly exhausted.

A STAINED glass window in memory of Milton will shortly be placed in the church of St. Margaret's, Westminster. It is the gift of Mr. G. W. Childs, of Philadelphia, who presented the drinking fountain to Stratford-on-Avon, and the window in honour of Herbert and Cowper to Westminster Abbey. At the request of the rector the following inscription has been written for the Milton window by Mr. Whittier:

"The New World honours him whose lofty plea
For England's freedom made her own more
sure,
Whose song, immortal as its theme, shall be
Their common freehold while both worlds
endure."

The Raleigh window, presented to St. Margaret's by American citizens, has an inscription from the pen of Mr. Lowell; and the Caxton window, presented by the printers of London, an inscription by Lord Tennyson. Caxton and Raleigh lie buried in the church, and also the wife and infant child of Milton, whose banns are recorded in the marriage register.

THE FORTHCOMING MAGAZINES.

THE next number of the *Westminster Review* will contain a reply by Mr. Gladstone to Dr. Ingram concerning the question how the union of Ireland with Great Britain was effected.

MR. RUSKIN will contribute to the January number of the *Magazine of Art* an article entitled "The Black Arts," which will be illustrated with reproductions of three of his own original drawings—"Lucca," from a tinted pencil drawing; "Mont Blanc de St. Gervais," from a watercolour drawing in 1832; and "The Cathedral Spire, Rouen," from a pencil drawing, 1835. The frontispiece to the number will be an etching of Mr. J. W. Waterhouse's "Mariamne."

WITH the new year, *Time* will take a new departure, under the editorship of Mr. Walter Sichel. The previous character of the magazine will be maintained, but numerous new features are to be added. Among them is a series of articles contributed by specialists, and entitled "Work and Workers," which will deal both critically and practically with several of the more important branches of English labour. The January issue will contain a paper on the "Moral Aspect of the Economical Problem," by Prof. Edward Caird, of Glasgow.

WITH the new year *Little Folks* magazine will be permanently enlarged, and will be published with uncut edges. To the January number Mr. Walter Crane will contribute a series of humourous drawings under the title of "Lancelot's Levities," and Mrs. Molesworth a complete story entitled "His Right of Way." The editor has also arranged with L. T. Meade, Talbot Baines Reed, Edward S. Ellis, to furnish stories; while the artists who will supply the illustrations include Dorothy Tennant, Gordon Browne, W. S. Stacey, Walter Paget, J. Finnmire, Jane M. Dealy, M. E. Edwards, J. W. Clark, and Paul Hardy. Two serial stories will be commenced in the January issue.

THE *Century* for January will contain "John Ruskin," with portrait, by W. J. Stillman; "The Catacombs of Rome," by Prof. Philip Schaff; "Meisterschaft," a play in three acts, by Mark Twain; and "Russian Provincial Prisons," by George Kennan.

THE *St. Nicholas* for January will contain "The Brown Dwarf of Rugen," by Whittier; "Sara Crewe," by Frances Hodgson Burnett; "London Christmas Pantomimes," by E. R. Pennell; "The Clocks of Ronda," by Frank Stockton; and "The Amusements of Arab Children," by Henry W. Jessup.

IN issuing a prospectus of the *Homelist* for the coming year, Messrs. Houlston and Sons announce that, in addition to containing some new and distinctive features, this old-established magazine will be considerably enlarged.

"FAIR FACES; or, Types of Female Beauty," is the title of a special series of full-page engravings—from drawings by Miss Margaret Thomas—to be commenced in the January number of Mr. Heath's *Illustrations*.

A NEW series, under the title of *Bow Bells Weekly*, will commence with the opening year. To the first number Mr. Wilkie Collins contributes a tale, entitled "The First Officer's Confession." The romantic school is represented by "Psyche: a Lakeland Mystery," from the pen of Miss Florence Warden. Several new features—Notes and Queries, Graphology, and Household Hints—will also be introduced.

Notes and Gleanings, a monthly magazine devoted to all matters connected with the counties of Devon and Cornwall ("a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles"), is the title of a new antiquarian venture announced for publication in January, by Messrs. William Pollard & Co., of Exeter.

MESSRS. HOULSTON & SONS publish this month the first number of a new monthly, entitled the *Scots' Magazine*. It takes the place of the *Scottish Church*, and will be under the same editorship and maintain the same principles as that review.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

BARTHGEN, E. *De vi ac significatione galli in religiōnibus et artibus Graecorum et Romanorum*. Göttingen: Vandenhoeck. 1 M.

BORDMAUX, R. *Traité de la réparation des églises: principes d'archéologie pratique*. Paris: Baudry. 7 fr. 50 c.

BRIFWESCHEL zwischen Wagner u. Liszt. Leipzig: Breitkopf. 12 M.

CAPITAIN, E., u. Ph. v. HERTLING. *Die Kriegswaffen*. 1 Bd. Rathenow: Babetzen. 18 M.

DAUDET, A. *Trente Ans de Paris*. Paris: Marpon. 3 fr. 50 c.

DONNADIEU, F. *Les précurseurs des Félibres 1800-1855*. Paris: Quantin. 40 fr.

GUIRAUD, F. *Les assemblées provinciales dans l'empire romain*. Paris: Colin. 7 fr. 50 c.

KRAUS, F. X. *Die Kunstdenkmäler d. Grossherzogthums Baden*. 1. Bd. *Die Kunstdenkmäler d. Kreises Konstanz*. Freiburg-i.-B.: Mohr. 16 M.

OVERBECK, J. *Atlas der griechischen Kunstmethologie*. 5. Lfg. *Apollon*. Leipzig: Engelmann. 60 M.

TUSQUAN, J. *Les héros de la défaite: récits de la guerre de 1870-1871*. Paris: Berger-Levrault. 3 fr. 50 c.

HISTORY.

GREGOROVIUS, F. *Kleine Schriften zur Geschichte u. Kultur*. 2 Bd. Leipzig: Brockhaus. 5 M. 50 Pf.

INSTITUTIUM graeca paraphrasis Theophilo Antecessori vulgo tributa. Pars 2. Fasc. 2. Berlin: Calvary. 3 M.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

EPSTEIN, Th. *Geonomie (mathematische Geographie)*, gestützt auf Beobachtung u. elementare Berechnung. Wien: Gerl'ds Sohn. 15 M.

GLOGAU, G. *Abriss der philosophischen Grundwissenschaften*. 2. Bd. *Das Wesen u. die Grundformen d. bewussten Geistes (Erkenntnistheorie u. Ideenlehre)*. Breslau: Koebner. 11 M.

SCHMITT, A. *Geologie d. Münsterthals im badischen Schwarzwald*. 2. Thl. Die Porphyre. Heidelberg: Winter. 5 M. 20 Pf.

SELENKA, E. *Studien üb. die Entwicklungsgeschichte der Thiere*. 4. Hft. 2. Hälfte. Das Opussum (Didelphys virginiana). Wiesbaden: Kreidels. 16 M.

TSCHERNYSCHEW, Th. *Die Fauna d. mittleren u. oberen Devon am West-Abhange d. Urals*. St. Petersburg: Eggers. 18 M.

PHILOLOGY.

HARLFZ, Ch. de. *La religion nationale des Tartares orientaux Mandchous et Mongols, comparée à la religion des anciens Chinois, d'après les textes indigènes, avec le Rituel tartare de l'empereur K'ien-Long, traduit pour la première fois*. Bruxelles. 6 fr.

HIRSCHFELD, H. *Das Buch Al-Chazari d. Abū-l-Hasan Jehuda Halawi im arabischen Urtext sowie in der hebräischen Uebersetzung d. Jehuda ibn Tibbon*. 2. Hälfte. Leipzig: Schulze. 10 M.

LEVY, E. *Poésies religieuses provençales et françaises du manuscrit extravag. 288 de Wolfenbüttel*. Paris: Maisonneuve. 6 fr.

MITTHILUNGEN aus der Sammlung des Papyrus Erzherzog Rainer. 2. u. 3. Bd. Wien: Hof- u. Staatsdruckerei. 20 M.

MÜLLER, C. H. *De similitudinibus imaginibusque apud veteres poetas elegiacos*. Göttingen: Vandenhoeck. 1 M. 60 Pf.

SCHRODER, F. *Thucydidis historiarum memoria quae prostat apud Aristodem, Aristidem scholiastas, Hermogenem, Hermogenis scholiastas, Aristophanis scholiastas*. Göttingen: Vandenhoeck. 1 M. 40 Pf.

STREUVER, C. *Die mittelenglische Uebersetzung d. Palladius, ihr Verhältnis zur Quelle u. ihre Sprache*. Göttingen: Vandenhoeck. 1 M. 80 Pf.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PHILOLOGY VERSUS LITERATURE.

London: Dec. 12, 1887.

I should like, with your permission, to make a few remarks on a pamphlet recently published by Messrs. Parker, entitled *The Study of Modern European Languages and Literature in the University of Oxford*, by Prof. Henry Nettleship. Prof. Nettleship is the champion and protagonist of that party in the university who are bent on subordinating the interests of literary culture to the interests of philological study—who, having themselves no connexion either as teachers or writers with literature in the proper acceptation of the term, but being professedly philologists, entertain not unnaturally the most exalted conceptions of the scope and functions of philology, both generally as an instrument of education, and particularly as a method of exegesis, and who maintain that the only sound interpretation of literature, the only interpretation worthy of academic recognition must be philological. Of this party Prof. Nettleship's pamphlet may be regarded as the manifesto; and as it is not adorned with any of the Gothic graces of Prof. Freeman's style, or enfeebled with repetitions of the mild ineptitudes of Prof. Earle, it will probably be not without influence in a controversy which the vote of congregation last November has no doubt rather suspended than settled. It is for this reason that I am asking your permission to make some reply to Prof. Nettleship's strictures on certain remarks of mine in the *Quarterly Review*. His attempt to brand my proposal to associate the study of ancient and modern literature as a proposal to "legalise superficiality," to "establish and endow the worship of the god of shoddy," and his obscure facetiousness about Plutarch's parallel lives, I can only regret, for his own sake. Nor shall I stop to expose his perversion and travesty of the *Quarterly* scheme for a school of literature; but I shall merely remark that there can be no more certain indication of the weakness of a cause than when it is necessary to mutilate and misstate the case of an opponent before it can be confuted.

But my gratitude to Prof. Nettleship for giving me an opportunity of enforcing and illustrating what I said of philologists in their relation to literary and aesthetic criticism far outweighs any little irritation which a sense of being misrepresented may

have caused me. The remarks to which Prof. Nettleship directs attention are these:

"Philological study contributes nothing to the cultivation of the taste. It as certainly contributes nothing to the education of the emotions. The mind it neither enlarges nor refines. On the contrary, it too often induces or confirms that peculiar woodenness and opacity, that singular coarseness of feeling and purblindness of moral and intellectual vision which has in all ages been characteristic of mere philologists, and of which we have an appalling illustration in such a work as Bentley's "Milton" (*Quarterly Review*, January 1887).

"When one reads," says Prof. Nettleship, "that a coarseness of feeling and a purblindness of moral and intellectual vision has in all ages been characteristic of mere philologists, one wonders what is meant." I have little doubt that Prof. Nettleship will, after the illustrations which I am about to give, still continue to wonder at what is meant; but I am not without hope that less confirmed philologists will find in them a proof of the justice of the remarks which have so much perturbed the professor.

In January 1732 the greatest philologist which this, or perhaps any other, country has produced gave to the world his edition of *Paradise Lost*. Dipping into it at random, I extract the following emendations and notes:

MILTON.

"No light, but rather darkness visible,
Served only to discover sights of woe."

(I. 63, 2.)

BENTLEY'S NOTE.

"'Darkness visible' and 'darkness palpable' are in due place very good expressions; but the next line makes visible here a flat contradiction. 'Darkness visible' will not serve to discover sights of woe through it, but to cover and hide them. Nothing is visible to the eye, but so far as it is opaque, and not seen through. To come up to the author's idea we may say thus—

"No light, but rather a transpicuous gloom."

MILTON.

"Nor sometimes forget
Those other two equal'd with me in fate:
So were I equal'd with them in renown:
Blind Thamyris and blind Maeonides,
And Tiresias and Phineus, Prophets old."

(III. 32-6.)

BENTLEY'S NOTE.

"Here we have got the editor's fist again, for the mark of it is easily discovered. What more ridiculous than to say *these other two*, and afterwards to name *four*? But let's see what wise choice he has made of them. Thamyris, a barbarian Thracian, who, out of lust, not superior skill in music, challenged the Muses . . . a fine person to rival in renown! And what occasion to think *at times* of Tiresias or Phineus, old *Prophets*. Did our poet pretend to prophecy? He might equally think of any other blind men. Add the bad accent *and* Tiresias. To retrieve this passage it may be thus changed:

"Nor at times forget
The Grecian bard, equal'd with me in fate;
O were with him I equal'd in renown."

"The particle *So* is not English."

MILTON.

"Thus with the Year
Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of Ev'n or Morn."

(III. 40-2.)

BENTLEY'S NOTE.

"There must be some mistake here. *Thus seasons return?* Not a word has been said of it before to give countenance to *Thus*. From the mention of the Nightingale, it seems requisite to alter it thus:

"Tunes her nocturnal note, when, with the year,
Mild Spring returns."

"Day, or the sweet approach of Ev'n or Morn,"
can hardly be right; the poor man, in so many years' blindness, had too much of evening."

MILTON.

"Him, thus intent, Ithuriel with his spear,
Touch'd lightly." (IV. 810.)

Bentley, here observing that the presence of a toad, into which Satan had transformed himself, in Adam's bower, must have puzzled Ithuriel, suggest that a line should be inserted :

"Him, thus intent, Ithuriel with his spear,
Knowing no real toad durst there intrude,
Touch'd lightly."

MILTON.

"Hell heard the insufferable noise, Hell saw
Heav'n ruining from Heaven." (VI. 867-8.)

BENTLEY'S NOTE.

"'Twas not the noise of the fall, but the clamour
of those that were falling. And "insufferable" fills
the verse rather than it does the sense. Rather,
thus,

"Hell heard the hideous cries and yells. Hell saw
Heav'n tumbling down from Heaven."

MILTON.

"Four speedy Cherubim." (II. 516.)

BENTLEY'S NOTE.

"Not much need of swiftness to be a good
trumpeter. For "speedy," I suspect the poet gave

"Four sturdy Cherubim."

Stout, robust, able to blow a strong blast."

MILTON.

"Our torments also, may, in length of time,
Become our elements." (II. 274, 5.)

BENTLEY'S NOTE.

"This argument Mammon steals from Belial's
speech. To keep just decorum he should ascribe
it to its true author, and say it thus :

"Then, as 'twas well observ'd, our torments may
Become our elements."

MILTON.

"As from the Centre thrice to the utmost pole."

BENTLEY.

"From the Centre to the utmost pole" is vicious.
The distance is much too little, and might have
been doubled thrice with ease; but I would express
it thus, without any comparison :

"Distance, which to express all measure, fails."

Bentley's note on the last verses of the poem
beggars parody. I have not space to give the
note in full, so I must content myself with the
last part :

"They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and
slow,

Through Eden took their solitary way."

BENTLEY'S NOTE.

"Why 'wandering'? Erratic steps? Very im-
proper, when in the line before they were guided by
Providence. And why slow, when even Eve pro-
fessed her readiness and alacrity for the journey?
(614.)

"But now lead on,
In me is no delay."

"And, why their *solitary way*, when even their
former walks in Paradise were as solitary as their
way now, there being nobody besides these two,
both here and there? Shall I, therefore, after so
many prior presumptions, presume at last to offer
a distich—

"Then, hand in hand, with social steps their
way
Through Eden took with heavenly comfort
cheer'd."

In all this Prof. Nettleship evidently sees
nothing ridiculous. Bentley's notes and emenda-
tions are reprehensible in his eyes, not because
of their portentous stupidity, but simply
because a settled text made them superfluous.

"Bentley's Milton was no doubt," he observes,
"a great blunder, but why? Because Bentley
made the mistake of treating a modern writer,
whose text was well ascertained, in the same way as
some ancient authors, whose texts are corrupt."

Is there not something—I say it with all
respect—something of the "opacity" and

"purlblindness" of which I spoke discernible
in Bentley's apologist? I have not the presumption
to enter the lists against the professor
on points of Latin scholarship; but, as he has
chosen to take his stand on Bentley, I will
boldly assert that two-thirds of Bentley's
Horatian emendations are as contemptible,
tasteless, and impertinent, as his emendations
of Milton. Take a very few out of very
many. In *Od. I. vi. 18*, by altering "sectis"
in *juvenes unguibus* into *strictis*, he robs
the poet of his most delicious touch of
playful humour.* By substituting in *Od.*
I. iv. 8, the variant of the Paris MS. "visit"
for the authentic reading "urit," a splendidly
graphic picture is obliterated and mere vanity
takes its place. In *Od. I. xxiii. 5-6*, the
words—

"Nam seu mobilibus veris inhorruit
Adventus foliis."

A touch of magically poetic beauty is trans-
formed into flat, bald prose by the altera-
tion of "veris" into "vepris" and "adven-
tus" into "ad ventum." In *Od. I. iii.*
22, by altering "dissociabili" into "dis-
sociabilis (es)," thus separating it from *Oceano*,
and associating it with *terras*, an exquisitely
felicitous epithet is deprived of all its propriety.
Take, again, *Od. III. x. 7*:

"positas ut glaciit nives
Puro numine Jupiter."

One would have thought that the densest of
critical perception would have appreciated the
clairvoyant force of that epithet; but, alas!

"Turn what they will to verse their care is vain,
Critics like these will make it prose again."

And "puro" becomes in the text of Bentley
"duro" (!). So, again, *Od. III. xxv. 8-9*:

"in jugis
Exsommis stupet Eulas."

Here the vivid and picturesque epithet
"exsommis" is altered into "Edonis"; for,
as the "awful Aristarch" sagely observes :
"tantum abest ut exsommes manserint Bacchae
ut prae nimis lassitudine frequenter somnus
iis obrepserit." And this statement he proceeds
to gravely prove by references to Propertius,
Statius, Sidonius, and to the fact that Euripides
(*Bacchae*, 682) distinctly describes them as taking
a nap. Nor is Bentley's immense stupidity less
apparent in dealing with the "sermo pedestris"
of the Satires and Epistles, witness his altera-
tion of "male tornatos versus" (*Arts Poetica*,
441) into "ter natos"; his ludicrous presumption
in almost re-writing verse 60 in the same
poem; &c., &c.

Pope said no more than literal truth when
he said of Bentley that he

"Made Horace dull and humbl'd Milton's
strains."

He was, with all his prodigious erudition, a
tasteless, unilluminated pedant; and I can only
express my surprise that even Prof. Nettleship
should mention Porson in the same breath with
him.

"But," writes the professor, "with what
admiration have I heard Matthew Arnold
speak of Bentley!" Jeffrey, as we all know,
was in a moment of irritation capable of speak-
ing disrespectfully of the North Pole. It is
quite possible that Mr. Matthew Arnold, when
he is pleasant, is capable of speaking respect-
fully of Bentley as a literary critic. I have
not the privilege of knowing Mr. Matthew
Arnold; but, as I am familiar with his writings,
I confess I should feel a little embarrassed if in
conversation he began to expatiate to me on the
beauties of Bentley's conjectural emendations.
My thoughts would turn uneasily to the
dialogue in which Socrates asked Ion how it

* I am perfectly aware of Ritter's interpretation
of "sectis."

was that he was not in command of the Athenian
forces. In any case, I am quite willing to accept
Mr. Matthew Arnold as a *κύριος κριτής*; and if
Prof. Nettleship will show that Mr. Matthew
Arnold seriously approves of Bentley's contribu-
tions to literary and aesthetic criticism—
τότε μοι χάροι εύπειρα χθών, and if I emerge
may I emerge to sit humbled and repentant
at the feet of Prof. Nettleship.

One word more and I have done. Prof.
Nettleship mourns over the degeneracy of the
Quarterly Review.

"The *Quarterly*," he says, "has in times past
done good service to philology. It has published
articles—unique, I believe, in the English literature
of the last thirty years—on the Scaligers,
Cassabon, the Stephenses and Huet. But it has
now changed all that. It treats philology with a
contempt," &c.

Now the author of those articles was Mark
Pattison, whose views on the relation of philo-
logy to literature were, it is notorious, pre-
cisely similar to those which I expressed in the
columns of the same periodical, and still more
recently in the *Nineteenth Century*. I speak
advisedly. I speak confidently. I have not ex-
pressed one opinion on this subject for which I
have not his authority. I am not speaking
of details. I am speaking of the general
question. He always said that the worship of
the letter and the neglect of the spirit was the
curse of the classical system at Oxford—that
philology was killing literary culture and eating
out the life of classical literature; and that, as
long as a premium remained placed on pedantry,
so long would the universities retard, instead of
furthering, national education. It was not
with the object of glorifying philology, as Prof.
Nettleship absurdly supposes, that Pattison
wrote the articles on Scaliger, Casaubon, and the
Stephenses. It was to hold up to a society
of listless and frivolous triflers—a society for
which he never disguised his contempt—the
picture of the true scholar, of the *laboriosus et
diuturnus sapientiae miles*. It was to glorify
the sublime self-sacrifice and heroic enthusiasm
of men who, finding that humble and dreary
task had been imposed on them—that the ancient
texts had to be settled, the force and signifi-
cance of words ascertained, allusions elucidated,
and the like, before the modern world
could have the key to the poetry, the philo-
sophy, the oratory of antiquity—cheerfully
dedicated their lives to obscure and unre-
munerative drudgery. The task of the modern
scholar—and no man knew this better than
Pattison—is widely different. It is for us to enjoy
and utilise the treasures which the noble labours
of Scaliger or Casaubon unlocked. And if the
scholar of the nineteenth century performed
his task as faithfully and effectually as the
scholars of the sixteenth and seventeenth century
performed theirs, we should not, perhaps,
be hearing that "the classics are a lost cause,"
and witnessing their gradual elimination from
the curricula of modern education.

I should like to have said a word or two in
answer to Prof. Nettleship's attack on the
University Extension Lectures; but I must
content myself with referring him to Mr. John
Morley's speech at the Mansion House, and to
Mr. Goschen's recent appeal to the University
—and he will, perhaps, forgive me for reminding
him also of the story of Mrs. Partington.

J. C. COLLINS.

TENNYSON'S INSPIRATION FROM THE PYRENEES.

Combe Vicarage, near Woodstock: Dec. 3, 1887.
In the ACADEMY of June 14, 1884, there
appeared a letter from me bearing the above
heading. In it I quoted passages in some
letters which Clough wrote from the Pyrenees
while Mr. Alfred Tennyson also was in that

region, and which (under the erroneous heading, "London") are in Clough's *Poems and Prose Remains* (1869), vol. i., pp. 264-269. Here are the passages:

"Luz, St. Sauveur, September 1 [1861]. . . . Tennyson was here, with Arthur Hallam, thirty-one years ago, and really finds great pleasure in the place; they stayed here and at Cauterets. *Oenone*, he said, was written on the inspiration of the Pyrenees, which stood for Ida."

"Cauterets, September 7. . . . I have been out for a walk with A. T. to a sort of island between two waterfalls, with pines on it, of which he retained a recollection from his visit of thirty-one years ago, and which, moreover, furnished a simile to *The Princess*. He is very fond of this place evidently, and it is more in the mountains than any other, and so far superior."

After quoting these passages, I went on thus: "The simile referred to is, no doubt, that in the following lines:

'not less one glance he caught
Thro' open doors of Ida station'd there
Unshaken, clinging to her purpose, firm
Tho' compass'd by two armies and the noise
Of arms; and, standing like a stately pine,
Set in a cataract on an island-crag,
When storm is on the heights, and right and left,
Suck'd from the dark heart of the long hills roll
The torrents, dashed to the vale.'

Last May 11 I found out the "sort of island between two waterfalls, with pines on it." It is just above, and close to, the bridge called Pont d'Espagne. Readers of Tennyson will remember his lines headed "In the Valley of Cauterets."

J. HOSKYNS-ABRAHAM.

JOHNSON'S SPELLING OF "COCO-NUT."

Oxford: Dec. 11, 1887.

Prof. Bayley Balfour is in error if he says that while "Johnson confounded the two words [coco and cocos] in his Dictionary under the spelling 'cocos,' he afterwards rejected his own lexicographical authority and correctly used 'coco,' plural 'cocoës,' in his *Life of Drake*."

The dictionary was not published till 1755, while the *Life of Drake* appeared in the columns of the *Gentleman's Magazine* in 1740-1. It is true that there (vol. x., p. 510) he uses "cocoës" as the plural. The same spelling is retained in a reprint of the *Life* in Davies's *Miscellaneous Pieces*, published in 1773, but this collection was published without Johnson's knowledge.

G. BIRKBECK HILL.

"STEERMAN."

London: Dec. 10, 1887.

Has not this word a claim to a place in our language? In Hearne's edition of Hening's *Cartulary of Worcester* (i. 81) we read of "Edricus qui fuit tempore regis Edwardi stermannus navis episcopi et duxor exercitus eiusdem episcopi." In the next century we read in the Pipe-Roll of 2 Richard I. of the *sturmanni* who were engaged for Richard's crusading fleet. These latter must equate the "rectores navium" of Richard of Devizes ("Ascribitur navis regimini rector unus doctissimus"), and in each case the word must represent a Latinisation of the English "steerman."

J. H. ROUND.

"RASENNA" AND "TURSENOI."

Queen's College, Cork: Dec. 14, 1887.

Pereant qui ante nos nostra dixerunt! I hasten to make restitution to a great scholar now, alas, no more! The first (as yet the only) volume of the new edition of *Dionysius*, by Jacoby, has reached me since I wrote my letter. In the apparatus criticus, on the word *Tarsēna*, he has the

note "Tāpōrēva vel Tāpōrēva, Lepsius, p. 24," by which from a preceding note he means Lepsius *de Pelasgis*. I have not as yet been able to procure this work, but it is evident that Lepsius had already forestalled my suggestion.

WILLIAM RIDGEWAY.

[Mr. Robert Brown, jun., writes from Barton-on-Humber that Canon Isaac Taylor (*Etruscan Researches*, p. 338) had anticipated Prof. Ridgeway's remarks concerning the Rasenna. Another correspondent also calls attention to the fact that J. W. Donaldson at one time suggested that "Rasena" was a doubtful reading, probably representing a form, "Ta-rasena," equivalent to *Tāpōrēva*.]

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, Dec. 19, 5 p.m. London Institution: "The Future University of London," II., by Prof. Henry Morley.

8 p.m. Society of Arts: Cantor Lecture, "The Elements of Architectural Design," IV., by Mr. H. H. Statham.

8 p.m. Aristotelian: "Philosophy during the Period of the Renaissance," by Miss C. E. Plumptre.

TUESDAY, Dec. 20, 7.45 p.m. Statistical.

8 p.m. Civil Engineers: Discussion: "Electrical Tramways: the Bessbrook and Newry Tramway," by Dr. E. Hopkinson.

8.30 p.m. Zoological: "Hooker's Sea-lion," by Mr. F. E. Beddoe; "A New Genus of Lizards of the Family Teiidae," by Mr. G. A. Boulenger; "Revision of the Japanese Species of *Endomychidae*," by the Rev. H. S. Gorham.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 21, 8 p.m. Geological: "The Correlation of some of the Eocene Strata in the Tertiary Basins of England, Belgium, and the North of France," by Prof. Prestwich; "The Cambrian and Associated Rocks in North-west Caernarvonshire," by Prof. Blake; "The Law that governs the Action of Flowing Streams," by Mr. R. D. Oldham.

THURSDAY, Dec. 22, 8 p.m. Egypt Exploration Fund: Annual General Meeting.

8 p.m. London Institution: "Materials of Music—III. Contrivances," by Mr. W. A. Barrett.

FRIDAY, Dec. 23, 8 p.m. Egypt Exploration Fund: "Bubastis and the City of Onias," by M. E. Naville.

SCIENCE.

The Life and Letters of Charles Darwin, including an Autobiographical Chapter. Edited by his son, Francis Darwin. In 3 vols. (John Murray.)

(Second Notice.)

CONSIDERING that Darwin himself tells us that all his real pleasure was in observing, and that writing was always an effort, his literary industry was remarkable. When we glance over the eight pages of titles of independent works or minor papers at the close of the third volume, or at the row of closely printed volumes on the naturalist's bookshelf, it is difficult to realise that, at his best, Darwin was not able to write on an average more than about an hour and a half a day, and that often even this limited time was interrupted by weeks of distressing sickness.

Darwin's larger works—excluding the *Origin of Species*, which we will consider last—may be grouped under the heads Geological, Zoological, Botanical, and Anthropological. Of purely geological works the most important is *The Structure and Distribution of Coral Reefs* (1842). An interest of a special kind attaches to this work, as the theory therein propounded—that the building up of coral reefs must have been always accompanied by a gradual subsidence of the bed of the ocean—is almost the only one of Darwin's that is not at the present day almost universally accepted by the scientific world. Mr. John Murray, the able naturalist to the *Challenger* expedition, has propounded an opposite theory; and reference was made quite recently in the *ACADEMY* (November 26, p. 347), in a review of Dr. Guppy's work on the geology

of the Solomon Islands, to the controversy in the public press on this subject between the Duke of Argyll on the one hand, and Profs. Huxley and Bonney on the other. The text of the duke's homily was the danger of idolatry, whether in politics or in science—on both of which points, I, for one, heartily agree with him. But, of all men, Darwin would have deprecated the most earnestly the setting up of himself or of any other man as an "idol." On this very subject, after reading Mr. Murray's essay, which did not convince him, he says, in a letter to Prof. Agassiz (vol. iii., p. 184), "If I am wrong, the sooner I am knocked on the head and annihilated, so much the better." It is instructive to note, in relation to the doubts thrown on this theory, that, as Darwin tells us himself, "no other work of [his] was begun in so deductive a spirit as this."

After his *Monograph of the Cirripedia* (1851 and 1854) already alluded to, and a *Monograph of the Fossil Cirripedia* (1851 and 1854), Darwin published no exclusively zoological work. In his later years it did not seem to him a point of supreme importance whether any particular form was, according to the older theory of special creations, a "God-made barnacle" or not. The *Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication* (1868) was of a combined zoological and botanical character, and was the bulkiest of his writings. It is a work of immense labour and research. Although, of course, the main points were in Darwin's mind when he wrote the *Origin of Species*, yet it was not until the publication of this book that the scientific public realised the enormous array of facts proving the variability of species under domestication, from which Darwin argued the possibility of an equal or greater variation of species in nature, when exposed to constantly changing external conditions, those variations only surviving which were most fitted for the altered conditions.

Darwin's love for the country, and his long seclusion in one of the most fertile of our counties, specially inclined him to botanical pursuits; and it was in these studies and observations that his extraordinary faculty for minute, careful, and long-sustained observation was most strongly manifested. His more important botanical works are: *On the Various Contrivances by which Orchids are fertilised by Insects* (1862), *Insectivorous Plants* (1875), *The Effects of Cross and Self-fertilisation in the Vegetable Kingdom* (1876), *The Different Forms of Flowers on Plants of the Same Species* (1877), and *The Power of Movement in Plants* (1880). To the special study of orchids Darwin was no doubt attracted by the abundance of some of the more remarkable of our native species on the chalk hills near his home. In the first of these works we have brought home to the reader the substitution of the old or arbitrary by the new or natural teleology. Every organ is no doubt adapted, or is in the process of becoming adapted, for the purpose it is designed to serve; or, if it has become hopelessly unadapted, is gradually disappearing. But this is not effected by the constant direct interposition of a Great First Cause, but by the slow, gradual, and no less wonderful operation of general laws. The *reductio ad absurdum* of the older teleology is afforded

(vol. iii., p. 274) by the example of a Madagascan orchid, *Angraecum sesquipedale*, where, according to the older theory, "we must suppose that the flower was created with an enormously long nectary, and that then, by a special act, an insect was created fitted to visit the flower, which would otherwise remain sterile." The *Effects of Cross-fertilisation, &c.*, is an exhaustive defence of the proposition contained in the motto prefixed to the earlier editions—that "Nature abhors perpetual self-fertilisation." The work on *Insectivorous Plants* furnishes, perhaps, the most striking illustration of the delicacy and minuteness of Darwin's observations. He there makes and demonstrates the accuracy of the astounding statement (vol. iii., p. 324) that the $1\frac{1}{2} \text{ to } 5$ of a grain of phosphate of ammonia is sufficient to cause the "tentacles" which bear the secreting glands on the leaf of the sundew to bend through an angle of 180° . In *The Power of Movement in Plants* the same marvellous patience and persistence are applied to the phenomena of "spontaneous" movement, which he shows to be very widely distributed in the vegetable kingdom. These facts were, no doubt, to a large extent already well known; but it was in this work, written within three years of his death, that Darwin startled the botanical world by proving that the tips of the rootlets of growing plants are, like the apex of the stem, constantly performing movements of revolution or gyration in the soil.

Not to trespass too long on the forbearance of an indulgent editor, I must pass over without further notice the first of Mr. Darwin's important works, the *Narrative of the Surveying Voyages of H. M. Ships "Adventure" and "Beagle,"* in 3 vols. (1836); his last, *The Formation of Vegetable Mould through the Action of Worms* (1881); and the two which are more especially anthropological in character—*The Descent of Man* (1871) and *The Expression of the Emotions in Man and Animals* (1872)—merely calling attention to the well-known fact that Darwin—more logical than his coadjutor, Mr. Wallace—unflinchingly applied to the origin of man the same laws which he believed to govern the evolution of other forms of animal and of vegetable life. "Our ancestor," he says in a letter to Sir Chas. Lyell (vol. ii., p. 266) "was an animal which breathed water, had a swim-bladder, a great swimming tail, an imperfect skull, and undoubtedly was a hermaphrodite." Any one of the works which we have named would have entitled its author to an honourable place among observers and discoverers. There still remains his *magnum opus*—*The Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection* (1859).

The hegira of the new faith was not, however, the publication of this work, but the reading of the joint paper by Darwin and Wallace—"On the Tendency of Species to form Varieties, and on the Perpetuation of Varieties and Species by Natural Means of Selection"—before the Linnean Society on July 1, 1858. Sir J. D. Hooker thus describes the reception of this paper (vol. ii., p. 126):

"The interest excited was intense; but the subject was too novel and too ominous for the old school to enter the lists before armouing.

After the meeting it was talked over with bated breath. Lyell's approval, and perhaps in a small way mine, as his lieutenant in the affair, rather overawed the fellows, who would otherwise have flown out against the doctrine."

And in a letter written twenty-four years later (vol. ii., p. 294), Mr. Bentham tells how the reading of this paper induced him to withdraw one which he had down for reading the same evening, and, though still unconvinced, to cancel all that part which urged original fixity.

No more valuable or interesting contribution to the history of science has been written than Prof. Huxley's chapter, contained in these volumes, on "The Reception of the *Origin of Species*." It is quite evident from the narrative here given that, so early as 1836, Sir John Herschel and Sir Charles Lyell had both accepted the view that it is "probable that the origination of new species may be carried on through the intervention of intermediate causes"; and the speculations on the possibility of evolution by Lamarck and the anonymous author of the *Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation*—lately disclosed as Robert Chambers—are familiar to all. But the theories promulgated by these writers were purely deductive, and rested on no foundation of well-ascertained facts. Darwin's method was wholly different. In the early days of the battle, no weapon was more freely hurled against him by ignorant or unscrupulous opponents than the charge that he had abandoned the Baconian method; and no charge could have been more absolutely opposed to fact. There is no more perfect chain of inductive reasoning in existence than that contained in the *Origin of Species* and the *Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication*. To his observations of the laws of nature Darwin owed everything; to the writings of others almost nothing. He himself writes, in a letter to Lyell (vol. ii., p. 215):

"You often allude to Lamarck's work. I do not know what you think about it, but it appeared to me extremely poor. I got not a fact or idea from it." It was the perfection of the inductive method employed that took such hold of the scientific world, and brought about a revolution unprecedented in rapidity. Prof. Huxley tells us how he himself, almost up to the time of which we are speaking, fought against the theory of transmutation with Mr. Herbert Spencer. If, he says, a general council of the church scientific had been held in 1860, the theory of transmutation would unquestionably have been condemned by an overwhelming majority; while, if such a council were held now, the decree would be of an exactly opposite character.

If we except Mr. A. R. Wallace, who had independently come to the same conclusions as Darwin, and who was then absent from England, the only prominent scientific men that, at the time of the publication of the *Origin of Species*, had partially or entirely abandoned the view that species were fixed and unchangeable, were Lyell, Hooker, Asa Gray, Huxley, and Sir John Lubbock; and all of these, except Lyell, may be regarded as captives to Darwin's bow and spear. The extraordinary rapidity of the change is shown by the fact that now, when the new faith has found almost universal acceptance, all but one of the earliest apostles are still among us.

And now, what is the lesson to be learnt from this life of Darwin—a noble memorial of a noble man? Surely that the truly scientific spirit is the love of truth for her own sake; that to him who steadily treads this path, regardless of allurements on the right hand and on the left, will come the highest guerdon. It is as true in science as elsewhere that

"The man's whose eye
Is ever on himself doth look on one,
The least of Nature's works."

In Darwin's career we have before us the lesson of a life wholly devoted to the pursuit of truth, the life of a man of the highest rank in science, and yet a Christian gentleman—I use the word advisedly, notwithstanding the avowed agnosticism of his later years—teaching us, his disciples, if only we are worthy of so honourable a name, that dogmatism, jealousy, and egotism are as foreign to the spirit of true science as they are to the spirit of true religion.

ALFRED W. BENNETT.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"ERASmus DARWIN" AND "EVOLUTION, OLD AND NEW."

London: December 14, 1887.

On Saturday last a new edition of the late Mr. Charles Darwin's *Erasmus Darwin* was advertised, of which till then I knew nothing. In this edition a foot-note, which runs as follows, is added to the original preface:

"Mr. Darwin accidentally omitted to mention that Dr. Krause revised, and made certain additions to, his essay before it was translated. Among these additions is an allusion to Mr. Butler's book, *Evolution, Old and New*."

Mr. Francis Darwin, who appears to be responsible for this foot-note, fails to see that what I have always complained of was not an accidental omission, but a deliberate *suppressio veri*. In the original preface, the late Mr. Darwin told his readers he was giving them a certain article, and went out of his way to state expressly that "Mr. Butler's work, *Evolution, Old and New*," had appeared "since the publication" of that article. When Mr. Darwin said this he knew that he was not giving the original article which he said he was giving. He knew that Dr. Krause had recast his article, had had *Evolution, Old and New* before him while doing so, and had turned the revision into an attack upon that book. It is idle to say that Mr. Darwin did not know he was suppressing a material point, which, if expressed, would have done away with the appearance of independent condemnation of my views which, as it was, was offered to the public.

In his recently published autobiography Mr. Darwin refers to his *Erasmus Darwin* as follows: "In 1879 I had a translation of Dr. Ernest Krause's 'Life of Erasmus Darwin' published, and I added a sketch of his character and habits from material in my possession. Many persons have been much interested with this little life, and I am surprised that only 800 or 900 copies were sold."

There is not here a word of compunction about the alleged oversight. The only thing that seems to exercise him is that he did not sell more copies; and yet in Mr. Francis Darwin's *Life and Letters* of his father we read that "he had a keen sense of the honour that ought to reign among authors, and had a horror of any kind of laxness in quoting" (vol. i., p. 157).

Mr. Francis Darwin has now stultified his father's original preface; and this, I suppose, I ought to take as an *amende*. Very well, I take it, somewhat, I am afraid, in the same spirit as that in which it is offered; and shall return to

the silence which I had kept for some years, and which, if Mr. Francis Darwin had not recently reopened the subject, I should not have broken.

SAMUEL BUTLER.

THE FINNIC ORIGIN OF THE ARYANS.

Oxford: Nov. 5, 1887.

It is certainly a matter of some surprise to me that Canon Isaac Taylor should have repeated his views on the "Finnic origin of the Aryans" without noticing the difficulties I suggested in my letter to the ACADEMY of October 8. As the reading public may be inclined to accept the views of a person of such high repute merely on authority, may I ask Canon Taylor if he will give us (1) those few numerals which he believes to be sister-words or aunt-words to the corresponding Aryan forms; (2) those family-names on which he relies so much. It would be extremely interesting, for example, to know what Aryan complexion he discovers in the Finnish words for "father, son, or brother." To discover the connexion in the numerals would require, it seems to me, the eyes of a philological hawk.

With regard to the historical side of the question, is there really nothing which makes it probable that the Fins have become "Aryanised in blood"? It can scarcely, I venture to think, be denied that there has been from the early dawn of Scandinavian history constant intercourse, commercial and otherwise, between Sweden and all the Baltic peoples, extending to the centre of Finland. Is it, then, so altogether unlikely that the ethnological and anthropological characteristics of the stronger race should have gradually impressed themselves upon the weaker? Would not this, in itself, quite as well account for the fact that the Fins of the West more closely approximate to the Swedish type than those of the east of Finland and the neighbouring eastern districts, as the theory which Canon Taylor advocates? At present it is certainly the case that Finnish is not universally spoken throughout the country. On the western coasts and the southern parts of Finland, Swedish is not merely the literary language, but the common language of the people. The children in the streets do not know a word of Finnish.

Again, is it not fatal to Canon Taylor's theory that, according to the views expressed by the advocates of the European centre of the Aryan family, the beech must have been a native tree? The beech certainly does not grow in Finland, and almost certainly is not a native in the lands immediately to the south of the gulf of Finland. In Sweden the extreme northern limit lies very near the Vetter Lake. But this is not all. The investigations of Scandinavian botanists in the Danish peat-bogs have proved that even in Denmark, where the beech is now abundant, that tree is comparatively of modern origin, its place having been previously occupied by the oak, and in still earlier times by the pine and spruce. That the latter trees, now not found in Denmark, were abundant in the Stone Age, in which period Canon Taylor would place the breaking up of the Aryan family, is proved beyond dispute by the discovery of the bones of capercailzie, a bird which feeds on these trees, in the Danish "kitchen-middens." It is obvious, then, that at the time when the Aryans formed, according to Canon Taylor's hypothesis, a united family, their "cradle" would have to be placed considerably further South than any Baltic countries. But why should not some bold ethnologist start the speculation that the united Aryan family is itself a mere speculation, and that there is no absolute proof that the movements and divisions of the language have followed the movements and divisions of what was originally a single race? F. H. WOODS.

A HEBREW NICKNAME.

Oxford: Dec. 11, 1887.

It has been often urged that too frequent comparison between Arabic and Hebrew is most mischievous for Hebrew lexicography, and this is certainly one of the greatest errors continued by the new editors of Gesenius's dictionary. Mr. Simmons, in his last letter, in which he would consider the name *Hezir* (Neh. x. 20 and 1 Chron. xxiv. 15) as a nickname like a *Tanfir* in Arabic, affords another confirmation of the danger which Arabic supplies to Hebrew scholars when applied at haphazard. That "swine" was a totem among the Hebrews even Prof. Robertson Smith does not like to affirm (*Journal of Philology*, ix. p. 98). And the very name of the family, *bne Hair*, which occurs in a tomb-inscription near Jerusalem, the date of which cannot be earlier than the first Seleucid, and not later than A.D. 60 (see Chwolson's *Corpus Inscriptionum Hebraicarum*, p. 64 *sqq.*), proves that *Hezir* does not mean "swine," for no Jewish family would have continued to hold such a name. Besides, the name *Hezir* in Chronicles is that of a priestly family. And it is just the punctuation of *Hezir* (LXX. in Neh. *H̄z̄r*; in Chron. *χνζ̄ν* for *χνζ̄ρ*), and not *H'azir*, which is intended to indicate that it does not mean "swine," but most likely a pomegranate, as in the Targum and in the Talmud, analogous to the name of *Bne Rimmon* in 2 Sam. iv. 2, 5, 9. Family names, with the names of trees and plants, occur among the Semites in general, and the Israelites in particular, as often as that of animals. That the pomegranate was a symbol of veneration can be seen from the name of the god *Rimmon* and from the pomegranates on the garments of the high priest. The localities of *Rimmon* are those where this fruit was worshipped, just as the names of *Tamar*, "palm-tree," and *Tappuah*, "apple," which are also proper-names of persons. Compare also the four plants used for the service of the feast of tabernacles (Lev. xxii. 40; Baudissin, *Semitische Religionsgeschichte*, ii. p. 209).

A. NEUBAUER.

[In Mr. Simmons's letter in the ACADEMY of last week, for "Legat" read "Laqab."]

SCIENCE NOTES.

IN consequence of the attention which is now being directed to the existence of gold in the Mawddach Valley in Merionethshire, Mr. T. A. Readwin has consented to read a paper on "The Occurrence of Gold in North Wales," at the next meeting of the Geologists' Association, on Friday, January 6, 1888.

MR. VAN VOORST's successors, Messrs. Gurney & Jackson, will shortly publish the volume of the *Zoological Record* for 1886, being the twenty-third annual issue. Originally published by Mr. Van Voorst, under the editorship of Dr. Günther, the *Record* was long supported by an "association" and has now become the property of the Zoological Society.

MESSRS. GURNEY & JACKSON have also nearly ready *A Flora of Hertfordshire*, by the late A. R. Pryor, edited by Mr. B. Daydon Jackson, with notes on the geology, climate, and rivers of the county, by Mr. John Hopkinson, who has added a useful map to the book.

MR. F. MOORE, having completed the *Lepidoptera of Ceylon*, has now in preparation a much more extensive work, comprising the Lepidopterous insects of the entire Indian region. It will be issued in monthly parts to subscribers only, by the publishers of his previous work, Messrs. L. Reeve & Co.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

THE forthcoming part of the Palaeographical Society's facsimiles will include the inscription of *Lygdamis of Halikarnassos*, 460-455 B.C.; a section of the *Harris Homer*, book xviii., on papyrus; two pages of the *Codex Amiatinus* of the Bible, at Florence, one of them containing the dedicatory verses; specimens of the *Exon Domeday* and the *Textus Roffensis*, of two early MSS. of the *Acuren Riwle*, and of some Latin MSS. in the Bodleian Library; and charters of the twelfth century.

THE December number of the *Babylonian and Oriental Record* (David Nutt) is the first of a new volume, and this bold enterprise to make English readers acquainted with the results of Oriental research at first hand now enters upon the second year of its existence. We hope, too, that boldness has met with a material reward, for we find the number of pages increased from sixteen to twenty-four, while both type and paper are improved. The name of Prof. Terrien de Lacouperie also appears for the first time as director of the editorial committee, to which Mr. W. St. Chad Boscawen has been added. The present number does not contain anything of such special interest as Prof. Hartwig's Derenbourg's two recent papers on "The Glaser Inscriptions from Yemen." But, apart from Babylonian documents, Prof. Sayce suggests the identification of "Jareb" in Hosea (v. 13, x. 6) with the Assyrian monarch Sargon; and Prof. de Harlez, of Louvain, contributes the introductory article of a series upon the polyglot Buddhist vocabulary known as the "Man-han si-fan tayeh Yao," which contains Tibetan, Mandchu, Mongolian, and Chinese versions of an early Sanskrit text. We would add that the annual subscription to this monthly magazine is 12s. 6d.

Corrections.—In Prof. Kielhorn's letter in the ACADEMY of last week, on "The Initial Point of the Chēdi or Kulachuri Era"—under No. 5, for November 9, 1887, read November 6, 1887; under No. 9, for Samvat 609, read Samvat 909.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

CLIFTON SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY.—(Saturday, Nov. 26.) Mrs. C. I. SPENCER, president, in the chair.—Mr. Walter Strachan read a paper on "Some of the 'Humours' in 'Every Man in his Humour,'" singling out for comment the following foibles of his day, which Jonson intended to satirise: bombastic language, affected oaths, tobacco-smoking, the sport of hawking carried to excess, extravagance in dress. Some of these failings remain; one not even a royal tractate could extinguish. As one reads this comedy, one feels that two and a half centuries have changed human nature but little. Some of the follies of 1616 have their counterpart in 1887, in a greater or, it may be, in a less degree. May we hope that we possess painters like "Rare Ben Jonson" who will depict the follies of their contemporaries for the benefit of future generations as well as he has done!

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LITERARY SOCIETY.—(Monday November 28.)

T. G. FOSTER, Esq., president, in the chair.—Mr. Hill read a paper on "Necessity in Euripides and Browning." The object of this paper was the comparison of the methods of Euripides and Browning, two dramatists of the Romantic School, in regard to their use of Necessity. The development of the idea of Necessity may be traced from its first appearance in the struggle between men and the gods, as a justifying element in the otherwise irreconcilable discord of the universe. Euripides was under the influence of all the contemporary movements of art, science, and philosophy. Anaxagoras had insisted on the supremacy of mind, and on its differentiation from matter. Protagoras had made the human mind supreme. Euripides felt that there was a unity in nature, and that mind and matter were connected in an inseparable union. Necessity was, to him,

the determination of the individual spirit, by its relation to the other parts of the organised universe. It was no longer something external and separate from man. Euripides' method may be illustrated from the "Medea." Many elements combine to form the necessity of the plot. The semi-civilised nature of Medea, her pride, the Greek terror of exile, the peculiar nature of her passion, half love, half hate, her loneliness. Browning resembles Euripides in many points. His method may be illustrated from "Luria." The struggle in Luria's soul is brought out into relief by means of antithesis, concentration, and elaboration of surrounding details. Around his own mental struggle are grouped those of the minor characters. Browning's method is to seize a character in some critical moment, and, by elaboration of the circumstances involving the soul, to sketch its working as it is coloured by these circumstances. Development of character is not what is depicted, but some particular phase of it. This is the method of the introspective drama in its latest phase—the only form of romantic drama which is compatible with the present conditions of thought.

POLISH HISTORICAL SOCIETY.—(Annual Meeting, Wednesday, November 30.)

AFTER the usual tribute had been paid to the memory of Lord Dudley Coutts Stuart, the most devoted and indefatigable friend of the Polish cause in this country, the secretary, Mr. Nagawski, read a paper describing the present condition of the Poles under the rule of Austria, Prussia, and Russia. In Prussia, since the expulsion of 37,000 Poles on the plea that they were subjects of other states, the government has been attempting to introduce German colonists into the Polish districts on advantageous terms, but so far with very little success. In order to counteract as much as possible the government scheme of colonisation, the Poles have combined to form a "National Land Bank," which has already been able to make some important purchases of land for occupation by Polish farmers. Another measure taken by the Prussian government for denationalising Prussian Poland is the prohibition of the use of the Polish language in the elementary schools. A meeting of 3,000 Poles, representing all classes of the population, at which several of the speakers were peasants, was held at Posen a fortnight ago, to protest against the arbitrary proceedings in Prussian Poland. Notwithstanding the incessant persecution of the Polish nationality, Polish intellectual life is stronger than ever, and the peasantry steadily resist the efforts of the Prussian authorities to incite them against the landowners. As to the Austrian Poles, they are to be congratulated on the steady and brilliant development of their autonomous institutions, and on the popularity and weight of their statesmen in the cabinet and Parliament of the Austrian Empire. Overtures have been recently made to the Poles by the semi-official Russian and German papers, doubtless, in view of the probability of a Russo-German war; but the Poles have had too much bitter experience of the crafty policy of their powerful neighbours to be deluded by such baits.

FINE ART.

THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN OIL COLOURS.

If the intention of the Institute is, as we believe, to give an opportunity for bringing together once a year a thoroughly national collection of oil pictures of moderate size, the present exhibition carries it into effect. Such large works as the Hon. John Collier's "Priestess of Bacchus" (125), and Mr. S. J. Solomon Solomon's "Remorse" (657), may be looked upon as exceptions to the general rule. The priestess is striking in aspect and finely painted, and the same may be said of the Oriental damsel who in Mr. Solomon's picture is suffering the pangs of repentance; but Mr. Solomon's figure is more remarkable for its freedom of execution and the difficulty of its foreshortening than for its attractiveness. Striking, for a different reason, is Mr. John

Reid's "Old Battens Farm" (588), "one boundless blush of mingled blossoms." It is not from the blossoms that the blush comes, but from an unseen portion of the sky; and the blush extends over the farmhouse and the trees, and is intensified by the local red colour of a portion of the girl's costume. The picture is another instance of Mr. John Reid's real gift as a colorist, but it is a little puzzling to know what is blossom and what is cloud; and, while we acknowledge that it is perhaps the most powerful and original of the pictures here, we should prefer it if the aim of it were not so obviously professional. This fault—and it surely is a fault—affects a great deal of the most accomplished work of the day. It cannot be the best art which makes us think more of the way in which some effect has been got than of the beauty of the picture as a whole. In another way Mr. E. J. Gregory's undoubted success in his portrait of Master Geoffrey Phillips is largely professional. A red velvet dress and a red silk lining could not be painted much better than these; and, though the child has character, it is the dress which attracts. Again, in Mr. J. J. Shannon's portraits of "Mrs. Thornton" (69) and "Lady Maude Hooper" (178), it is the *chic* of attitude and the deftness of painting rather than the subjects which are most brought forward. Those who are old-fashioned enough to like the art which conceals itself will perhaps prefer Sir J. D. Linton's quiet, refined, and subtly-painted head of "Henriette" (310) to many other pictures which appeal more clamorously for notice; and will find in even so simple a composition as M. Fantin's "Double Larkspurs" (449) a grateful rest for eye and brain in the midst of clever crudities.

The strength of the exhibition, despite a number of clever little bits of *genre* in which Messrs. Seymour Lucas, F. Dadd, H. R. Steer, and one or two others maintain their reputation, lies most in landscape and seascape. Many of the best figure painters who are members are absentees this year, and it may fairly be said that the rest have not greatly exerted themselves. Mr. F. D. Millet sends an interior with figures, called "Piping Times of Peace" (454), delightful enough in its cool sweet greens and browns, but the composition is uncomfortable. There is a pretty but tame Staniland, a tolerable Frith, and Mr. Storey sends a bright sketch of a classical woodland with Pan and Syrinx. Scattered about here and there are other clever and nice pictures which would be pleasant possessions enough, but for which it is hard to find discriminating epithets of the right pitch.

In landscape the pictures of Mr. Wimperis, good as they are, scarcely console us for the absence of Mr. Thomas Collier, and a fine Macallum hardly makes up for the loss of Mr. Colin Hunter; but it would take a great many defaulters to make the Institute poor in this branch of art. Mr. Henry Moore sends one or two of his masterly studies of blue heaving sea in sunlight; and Mr. Edwin Hayes has three pictures, one of which—"Summer-time—South-west Wind and Ebb Tide" (718)—is a magnificent example of his well-known but perhaps not yet sufficiently appreciated skill. Grand and simple in style, fine in its subdued colour, with its liquid and weighty grey waves and well-drawn shipping, it yet, from its very truth and sobriety, may fail to attract the admiration it deserves. Another very good picture is Mr. James Webb's "Salisbury," with its vaporous sky and rainbow, its grandeur of design, and beautiful play of broken colour. It is a pity the foreground is not a little stronger and more interesting. Mr. Cotman's fine "Evening by the Willows" (378), Mr. Frank Dillon's bright scene at Osaka, Japan (669), and Mr. George Chester's "Village Farm" (722), are very different pictures which should not

be missed; but it would be difficult to find any part of the galleries without some landscape large or small of which something both true and pleasant might not be said. And this remark applies not only to such well-known artists as Messrs. Frank Walton, Harry Hine, Arthur Severn, Aumonier, C. E. Johnson, Hargitt, MacWhirter, Robert Allan, Fulleylove, Alfred East, and Fahey, but to such comparative unknowns as Miss Saltmer, Mr. Parker Haggerty, Miss Corbould-Haywood, Mr. Alfred Withers, Mr. A. E. Proctor, and others too numerous to mention.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE WALLS OF CHESTER.

South Shields: Dec. 9, 1887.

The well-known French antiquary, M. de Caumont (*Abécédaire d'Archéologie*, i., p. 52), describes two modes, among others, of wall building practised by the Romans, one so exactly like the construction of the underground portion of the north wall of the city of Chester in the Deanery field that it may be of some importance in the discussion as to the age of it.

1. "Murs de grand appareil," he says, are constructed of fine square stones, two feet to three feet, and sometimes four feet to five feet, long, by one foot or two feet thick. These stones are placed *without mortar* ("juxtaposées sans ciment"), and are adjusted with so much precision in some buildings that the joints can scarcely be distinguished. He then describes (2) "Murs de petit appareil," which are more usual. These are formed of small stones, almost square, measuring from four to five inches. In walls of this construction horizontal courses of brick are very often found. The mortar between the stones is very thick. No points are in immediate contact, the stones being encrusted (*incrustées*) in mortar. The centre of the wall between the two faces is filled in with grouting. The writer gives woodcuts showing both modes of construction. The former is the one adopted at Chester below the present level of the ground, the latter (but without the courses of brick) in the stations on the Wall of Hadrian and in the Wall itself, and perhaps in the Chester walls above ground.

In the same volume, at p. 490, is an illustration of a tombstone representing a figure in a recessed niche wearing a dress similar to that of the so-called mediaeval priest; and not only so, but he has a chalice in his right hand, or rather what the middle age advocates of the Chester stone would say was one. The face is also knocked off. As regards the age of this there can be no question as it is inscribed along the top:

D. TICILLAE M.

ROBT. BLAIR.

ROMAN INSCRIPTIONS AT CHESTER.

Liverpool: Dec. 12, 1887.

Further acquaintance with the inscriptions found at Chester, which I have recently described, suggests some slight emendations. Thus in No. 3 of the list in the ACADEMY of September 24 there is room at the end of the third line (broken off) for two or three letters, and the CIA at the commencement of the fourth line I simply gave as it appeared in a rubbing. But CIA should be CLA, and is no part of the word before it. The correct reading, there is little doubt, should be BELLIC(VS) CLA(udia) CELEIA. Bellicus is a much more common cognomen than Bellicianus, and there is only room on the stone for the former. We know also that Celeia was styled Claudia Celeia, and in Orelli (No. 501) we have CLA. CELE as the abbreviation.

In No. 6 in the same list, as to which I stated (ACADEMY, October 1) that PVB preceded the centurial mark in the first line, it is possible that the deceased person had held the office of Curator operum publicorum, and that PVB is the surviving portion of the abbreviations CVRAT. OP. PVB. From the massive nature of the tombstone he was evidently a man of mark in Deva.

Out of five fragmentary inscriptions found one bears the letters

G . XX . V . V
X . AN .
H . F . C

evidently part of the words Leg(ionis) XX . V . V . Vix(it) An(nos) *** H(eres) F(aciendum) C(uravit). Another, I am inclined to think, refers to a member of the Claudian tribe, who was a native of Savaria.

W. THOMPSON WATKIN.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

MR. QUARITCH is about to publish, for Dr. Lippmann, the Fine Art director of the British Museum, an English edition of *Italian Wood-engraving in the Fifteenth Century*, illustrated with a great number of facsimiles from the rarest of the woodcuts described in the text. It is not a mere translation from the German treatise, produced at Berlin some three years ago (frequently quoted in Mr. Fisher's recent volume on the *Early Italian Prints* in the British Museum), as a great quantity of new matter and of corrections have been added by the author, and his English edition thus supersedes the original. Many of the woodcuts are reproduced from unique or excessively rare impressions, and several have been added to the number of those which appeared in the German book. As a critical writer on the subject, Dr. Lippmann's views are of the first importance. His remarks on the early Florentine examples, on the work of Sandro Botticelli and Baccio Baldini, on the Zuan Andrea group, on the Poliphilo designs, and on the career of Jacopo dei Barbari, must attract considerable attention.

THE REV. G. F. BROWNE, the new Disney professor of archaeology at Cambridge, proposes to deliver a course of six lectures next term on "Sculptured Stones of Pre-Norman Type in the British Islands"—a subject which, we believe, has never been treated in any university. The inaugural lecture will be given in the Senate House on January 31; the other lectures in the museum of archaeology. The present course will be confined to Anglian stones; and opportunity will be taken to discuss Runic and other inscriptions, the relation of the Christian emblems and the Sagas, and the connexion with Rome, Ravenna, &c. In subsequent courses, to be delivered during his five years' tenure of the chair, the professor hopes to treat of the Scottish, Irish, Cornish, Welsh, and Manx sculptured stones.

THE annual general meeting of the Egypt Exploration Fund will be held on Thursday next, December 22, at 3 p.m., in the great room of the Society of Arts, when we understand that Mr. John Fowler—to whom the association owes so much, and in particular its Fowler fund for the exploration of Zaan—will be proposed for the office of president, which has been vacant since the death of Sir Erasmus Wilson. Another meeting will be held in the same place on the following day (Friday, December 23, at 8 p.m.), when M. Naville will deliver a lecture on "Bubastis and the City of Onias."

MM. BOUSSOD, VALADON, & CO. will exhibit next week, at the Goupil Gallery in New Bond Street, a collection of French and Italian paintings. There will also be on view next

week a small collection of Mr. W. Strang's oil paintings, together with his etchings from pictures in the National Gallery, at Messrs. Clifford's, in Piccadilly; while Messrs. Agnew are showing Mr. Macbeth's etching after Fred. Walker's famous "Bathers."

THE STAGE.

"THE WOMAN HATER."

TERRY'S new theatre—to judge from the advertisement at the back of the playbill—offers, as the principal inducement that you should get into it, the fact that you can get out of it with the utmost facility. Furthermore, we are informed that it is built of a material which age cannot wither. Woe to the gentleman who unthinkingly—in that moment of ease which belongs to the comedian—lights a cigarette upon the boards, for "the whole stage is dominated with a system of sprinklers"! Woe to the occupants of the stalls, and to the musicians—who are heard occasionally, underground, like that "old mole," the ghost of Hamlet's father—for, at a few moments' notice, the stage "can be deluged with a perfect sheet of water"! Clearly, under these circumstances—when so much has been done to make the visitor comfortable—it is a pure gratuity on Mr. Terry's part to do anything, in addition, to make him merry. Yet this gratuitous, and, as it would seem, almost superfluous, effort, is not withheld. Mr. Terry's presence is one of those which conduces to happiness—one is always a little blither, a little less morose, when he is on the stage; and in "The Woman Hater" he exhibits himself—his quaintness, his good humour, and his eccentricity—throughout the greater part of the evening. Mr. Terry's talent does not submit itself to analysis; his genius is essentially volatile. The personality of the comedian—and not the accomplishments he has acquired—constitutes his charm. He knows his business; but other people know theirs. It is not the knowing of his business that makes him the favourite actor that he is.

As literary work, we cannot honestly say very much for the first new piece which Mr. Terry has played in his own playhouse—Mr. David Lloyd's "Woman Hater." The subject gives no occasion for a single line of beauty; and the amusement which the piece affords is derived rather from ingenious construction—the continual creation of comic situations—than from the dialogue of literary comedy. A lively imagination and a knowledge of stagecraft have done excellent service in default of brilliant wit and dialogue of high finish. What we go to see may be described as, on the whole, a well-arranged farce in three acts. Mr. Terry impersonates the supposed "Woman Hater"—an eccentric, who, though often solitary, is by no means morose—a gentleman, indeed, whose geniality and capacity for romantic associations are such that he has spent a considerable portion of his leisure in planning imaginary wedding tours, and, as far as lay within him, executing them. He has been on one-and-twenty wedding tours, indeed—always by himself—and when the play opens he is not undesirous of undertaking a twenty-second; and this time under the ordinary conditions. He is much in love with a young widow. But a widow of more mature years, when in the act of

receiving not his protestations but his confidence, insists upon fainting on his shoulder, and, on recovery, accepts an offer that was never made. The Woman Hater—since he lives, remember, but in the world of farcical comedy—lacks the strength to free himself from this entanglement. He finds himself under the obligation of writing duplicate love-letters—probably by the carbon-paper process. Eventually he is involved in so many complications that some of his friends are not without excuse in considering him to be suffering from mania. He is conveyed to a private asylum. Here the third act passes. It is less ingenious, perhaps, than the other two, the chief amusement being derived from the continual assumption that this or that entirely sane person is really among the afflicted. But of farcical comedy—however funny it may be upon the stage—one cannot, in cold blood, narrate the plot upon writing paper. Patience and time are lacking. It must suffice to say that by the sudden appearance of two or three outsiders of unclouded brain—especially the Woman Hater's young wife and his young nephew—matters are cleared up, and the curtain falls upon Mr. Terry's timely release—upon his departure for his first—or is it his twenty-second?—honeymoon.

On the whole, this two hours' agreeable buffoonery has the advantage of a good cast. We have paid our tribute already to Mr. Terry's obvious quaintness and good humour. He has never been more vivacious, more fertile in resource. Mr. Kemble is the actor who seconds him the best. Dickens himself might have been satisfied with the presentation of these two peppery partners and excellent and blameless friends—Mr. Bundy and Mr. Dobbins, who quarrel once a day and once a day shake hands with touching cordiality. Mr. Kemble's rich voice—his manner of solidity and importance—make him the best possible contrast to his brother comedian, so airy and so rapid. Mr. Alfred Bishop's Doctor Lane is a bit of "character-acting," discreet rather than brilliant. The pushing widow of the *bourgeoisie* is well enough represented by Miss Victor; while the fascinations of a widow at least a grade above her in station—and very much above her in feeling—are represented by Miss Clara Cowper, large, handsome, and bright. The younger lovers are played by Mr. Erskine, who does little, but looks as if he could do more with effect; and Miss Florence Sutherland, who is somewhat amusing in the third act, but whose quality of voice is, we think, against her, and who has yet to acquire the virtue of style in her art.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

STAGE NOTES.

WE understand that Mrs. Kendall—who has once before had the matter under consideration—has now almost, if not entirely, decided to indulge the special students of Mr. Browning by appearing, on at least one occasion early in the year, in the immensely subtle and arduous part of the Queen in "In a Balcony." Miss Alma Murray, whose Constance of two or three years ago will not be forgotten, would, of course, again be the Constance. And with a fitting Norbert, an entirely satisfactory performance may thus be anticipated.

AT the Criterion Theatre, "Two Roses" has just been revived. It has not been seen for

several years. The cast, with the exception of Mr. Farren and Mr. David James, is entirely fresh, and it is in some respects interesting. We may, therefore, very shortly have something to say in regard to a performance of the only piece by Mr. Albery that has managed to hold the stage.

We wish to direct attention to the performance of "Othello," which is to take place at a Vaudeville *matinée* next Tuesday, since the Desdemona of the occasion—on whose account in chief, no doubt, the performance is organised—will be no raw pupil of the elocution master, and no merely fashionable person bitten with the passion of stage notoriety, but one of the most rising of the serious actresses of the day. Miss Janet Achurch—whose performance in the "Devil Caresfoot" of Mr. Stanley Little and Mr. Haddon Chambers gave her the right to essay the part of any "juvenile heroine" of the legitimate drama—chooses to essay Desdemona. Miss Achurch will be supported by Mr. Charrington as the Moor, and by Mr. Hermann Vezin as Iago.

THE "Little Comedies' Company"—headed by Mr. William Poel and Miss Grace Latham—has begun its winter work; and its work at this time of the year naturally lies about as much in large country houses as in the double drawing-rooms of London. This week the company has been acting in the Midlands.

MUSIC.

RECENT CONCERTS.

THE Heckmann party gave their second concert at the Prince's Hall, on Friday evening, December 9, and introduced an interesting novelty. This was a quartet for strings in D flat by Signor G. Sgambati, an Italian pianist and composer, and a pupil of Liszt, who visited London some few seasons back. In writing the quartet, the composer seems to have taken Beethoven's later works of the kind as his model. The model is a good one, but difficult to copy. Signor Sgambati, however, if at times vague, has much to say, and expresses his thoughts in an able manner. The second and the third (Andante) movements appeared, at first hearing, the best. The programme included a quartette by Rheinberger, and Schubert's seldom-heard one in G (Op. 161).

There was nothing of special interest at the last Crystal Palace concert, so far as the music was concerned. But Herr Bernhard Stavenhagen gave an admirable reading of Beethoven's Pianoforte Concerto in C minor. The tone was liquid, the technique clear and firm, and there was none of that affectation which marred his Beethoven playing last season. He won a brilliant and well-deserved success. The rendering of Beethoven's Symphony in A was admirable; but of the Palace band this is an oft-told tale. Mr. Santley was the vocalist.

The pupils of the Royal College of Music gave a concert at Prince's Hall last Saturday evening. The orchestral playing, under the direction of Prof. Holmes, showed the neat technique and good intonation of the pupils; but the orchestra has been heard to greater advantage at some of their ordinary college concerts. Miss Marian Osborn deserves a word of praise for her brilliant and artistic rendering of Mendelssohn's uninteresting Rondo (Op. 29), and Mr. Price sang well a recitative and air from "Don Carlos."

Mr. E. Prout, true to his policy of encouraging native art, gave a performance of Mr. F. Corder's "Bridal of Triermain" at the second concert of the Hackney Association last Monday evening. This cantata, it may be remembered, was produced last year at the Wolverhampton festival, and was first given in London at the Bow and Bromley Institute. Having already described the work, it is only

necessary to say that fresh hearing makes one feel that Mr. Corder possesses true dramatic power, but that he has not yet shown it to its fullest extent. There is a certain freshness and unconventionalism about the music; there are picturesque effects of harmony and orchestration, and, moreover, great variety of rhythm; so that the impression left on the mind is good, if not thoroughly satisfactory. The reason of this seems to be that one is oftener attracted by the manner than by the matter. The soprano music was sung at short notice by Miss Gertrude Turner; and hasty preparation, coupled with nervousness, prevented her doing herself full justice. Miss Mary Chamberlain, who has a good contralto voice, sang with much intelligence. Mr. Percy Palmer (tenor) and Mr. M. Tufnail (bass) were fairly successful. The choir sang well; but there were signs now and then, both in band and chorus, that more rehearsal would have improved the performance of a work full of difficult passages and uncomfortable intervals. The programme included Mendelssohn's 114th Psalm, and Haydn's Symphony in E flat (No. 3).

Mr. Henschel gave his fifth symphony concert on Tuesday evening. It commenced with a good performance of Brahms' fine Tragic Overture. This was followed by the "Good Friday" music from the third act of "Parsifal." The tenor part was sung by Mr. O. Niemann, son of the well-known artist. He interpreted the part with much feeling and intelligence, but the quality of his voice is not altogether pleasing. Mr. Henschel took the part of Gurnemanz, and sang with his accustomed fervour. A short excerpt like this from "Parsifal" unfortunately gives little idea of Wagner's great work. The performance was conducted by Mr. Barnby. Schumann's symphony in C, under the direction of Mr. Henschel, was well received. The first movement lacked colour, the second, spirit; but the *adagio* and *finale* went well. Signor Piatti played two solos; and Mr. Niemann sang songs by Schubert and Schumann with much success. The programme concluded with a Marche Slave by Tschaikowsky. The first part is interesting, but afterwards it becomes noisy and commonplace.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

MUSIC BOOKS.

Neue Beethoveniana. Von Dr. Th. Frimmel. (Vienna: Carl Gerold's Sohn). A new book about the greatest of tone-poets! But the world is never tired of reading about its heroes. Dr. Frimmel has curiously taken the same title as that adopted by the late Herr Nottebohm for articles which he published in the *Musikalische Wochenschrift* from 1875 to 1879. Herr Nottebohm devoted himself entirely to describing, and commenting on, the sketch-books left by Beethoven. The first chapter of the present book treats of the composer as a clavier player.

Dr. Frimmel begins with the early days at Bonn, and gives many interesting details of Beethoven's lessons with his father and with Van Eden and Neefe. Passing on to Vienna he collects all sorts of notices about the master as a performer. The following is amusing. Czerny, in his autobiography, relates that Jelinek, a brilliant pianoforte player, told Czerny's father that he was invited to break a lance with an unknown clavierist. "I'll give him a drubbing," added Jelinek. The next day, Czerny's father asked the result of the contest. J. replied: "Satan is in that young man. I never heard such playing." The "unknown" was Beethoven. Czerny heard Beethoven between 1805-6, and simply characterised his playing as "rough." J. A. Stumpff, who heard the master in 1823, in his worst period of deafness, says: "I must, however, mention that, when he plays the piano, he generally strikes it so that from twenty to thirty strings suffer." The year 1802

was, indeed, Beethoven's high-water mark as a pianist. After that he gradually neglected the instrument, and is said not to have been able to interpret his own last five sonatas.

The chapter of the book entitled "Letters" contains six hitherto unpublished; and the rest, although they have appeared in various papers and books, are not easily accessible to the general public, and therefore most welcome. The first of the new letters is to Zineskall, one of the composer's early Vienna acquaintances. The second is to Ignace Pleyel, about the publishing of his fourth symphony and other important works. The third is a short note to Artaria, the publisher. The fourth, the original of which is in the possession of Dr. Schebek, is addressed to "Werther Freund," and the signature is cut away. The document, however, appears to be perfectly genuine. In it Beethoven speaks of his symphony in A as "one of the happiest products of my weak powers." The fifth is a letter addressed to Del Rio, principal of the house into which Beethoven's nephew was received in 1818. This interesting document belongs to Frau Professor Anna Pessiak-Schmerling, who is said to possess many other papers relating to Beethoven. Dr. Frimmel gives also a little song, and a short canon of Beethoven's, of which Frau Pessiak possesses the autographs. The sixth letter is to H. V. Hauschka, a well-known member of the Gesellschaft der Musik Freunde at Vienna.

The chapter entitled "Aus den Jahren 1816 und 1817" contains an interesting account of a visit paid by the author to a certain Friedrich Hirsch at Oberdöbling, near Vienna. This Hirsch—a grandson of Albrechtsberger, Beethoven's teacher—was eighty years of age at the time of Dr. Frimmel's visit, but in possession of all his faculties. Our author, having compared Hirsch's reminiscences with facts and dates given by Nottebohm and other authorities, believes his statements to be true generally, certain allowances being made for trifling mistakes in describing events which happened "more than sixty years ago." Hirsch received harmony lessons from Beethoven at a time when the latter was working at the Ninth Symphony. False fifths and octaves appear to have thrown the master into great anger; but "after the lesson he again became charming," said Hirsch. Beethoven's room he described as most untidy—notes, music, books, some on the writing-table, some on the floor.

After a short chapter on Mödling, the summer resort of Beethoven, comes a last and long one on the outward appearance of the master and his portraits. Dr. Frimmel reproduces a silhouette of Beethoven at the age of nineteen, which appeared in the biographical notices of Wegeler and Ries. Carl Pleyel, in 1805, in a letter to his mother, describes the great musician as follows: "C'est un petit trapu, le visage grêle, et d'un abord très malhonnête." The earliest portraits of Beethoven appear to date from the year 1801. A beautiful miniature portrait on ivory was taken in 1802 by Chr. Horneman, a Danish artist. It was given to Steffen Breuning by way of reconciliation after a quarrel, and has ever since remained in the Breuning family. A painted portrait of Beethoven is now in the possession of Frau C. van Beethoven, widow of the composer's nephew. "In it," says Dr. Frimmel, "there is no trace of the *Beethovenfrisur*, as adopted by so many of our young virtuosi." The volume contains a heliogravure of Beethoven from the bust of the sculptor Klein, and another from the engraving of Eichens, in 1812, after the portrait by Schimon.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

DELICIOUS PRESERVE.—The most attractive of all preserves is MORELLA MARMALADE, made from the celebrated Kent Morella Cherry. The stones being extracted, double weight of fruit is given. Sold in 1lb. pots by grocers, &c. Makers—THOMAS GRANT & SONS, Maidstone and 46, Gresham-street, E.C.